



K Reineke Fuchs.

The Most Pleasing and Delightful

HISTORY

OF

Reynard the Fox,

AND

Reynardine his Son.

IN TWO PARTS.

With Morals to each Chapter, explaining what appears Doubtful, or Allegorical: And every Chapter illustrated with a curious Device, or Picture, representing to the Eye all the material Passages.

To which is added,

The History of *Ciwood* the Rook: Or, The Assembly of Birds: With the several Speeches they made to the *Eagle*, in Hopes to have the Government in his Absence: How the Rook was banish'd; with the Reason why *Crafty Fellows* are called *Rooks*. Together with Morals and Expositions on every Chapter.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Bettesworth* and *C. Hitch*, at the *Red-Lyon* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; *R. Ware*, at the *Sun and Bible*, in *Amen-Corner*, and *James Hodges*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*. 1735.

HISTORICAL

TO

THE

LIBRARY OF THE



AS
it.
Po
ser
Go
she
pos
I
may
how
the
who
to do



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.



*I*N this small History, under the Tables, or Stories of Birds and Beasts, you will find Things not only pleasant, but advantageous, to the Improvement of your Understanding, to a Degree, that you may read Men, as well as Books, by their Actions decipher'd in it. Here you may see Policy, Deceit, Wisdom, Power, Strength, and many other Things lively set forth; and by the Events and Success, whether Good or Bad, judge accordingly of those that use them, whether they tend to honest, or evil Purposes.

Here, as in a Mirror, the politick Statesman may see his Counterfeit; the flattering Parasite how to carry himself even, and sail with all Winds; the Powerful and Mighty, how weak it is to rely wholly on Strength, when they have a subtil Enemy to deal with. And those that trust fawning Friend-

TO the READER.

ship, are here convinc'd, That in Adversity, but few will stand by them: And a Number of other Things is contained in it, suiting the States and Conditions of all Sorts of People.

It is a Book that has been printed in most European Languages, as Dutch, French, Italian, &c, and that other Nations have given it high Encomiums and Applauses; it being originally written by an Eminent Statesman of the German Empire, to shew some Men their Follies, and correct the Vices of the Times he lived in.

Therefore receive it not as a Trifle, but as a Work of Weight and Moment, which cost much sound Judgment and Labour in Compiling; and being done into English, it varies little from the Original. However, as it is, I recommend it to you, in Hopes you will find as much Pleasure and Advantage in Reading and well Weighing it, as I did.

Your Friend,

And Humble Servant,

P. D.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
Reynard the Fox.

PART. I. CHAP. I.

How the Lion summon'd all the Beasts of the Forest in the Annual Feast of Pentecost, to be held at his Royal Palace of Sanden; with the several Complaints there made against Reynard the Fox, &c.



WHEN the Sun return'd to rescue
the drooping Earth from the cold
Embraces of Winter, and cloath-
ed each Tree and Field in a plea-
sing Livery of Green, enamell'd
over with fragrant Flowers of
various Colours, then it was the
Noble Lion, King of Beasts, sent out his Royal
Mandates

2 The HISTORY of

Mandates to all his Subjects, the Inhabitants of Woods, Forests and Fields, to attend him at his Royal Palace of *Sanden*, there to celebrate the Annual Feast of *Pentecost*: Which was no sooner signified to them, that it was his Pleasure they should give their Attendance, without any Excuse or Delay, but they flock'd thither in great Numbers; (as well to shew their Obedience, as to avoid his Displeasure,) at the Time appointed; and being call'd over, none was found wanting but the *Fox*; who, Conscious of Guilt for the many Injuries he had done, kept close in his Den, as fearing they would make such just Complaints against him, as might endanger his Life. Nor were his Fears vain, or suggested; for the King, with the Queen on his Right Hand, and the Leopard, his Kinsman, on the Left, being seated on the Throne, under the Canopy of a spacious Oak, and Silence being commanded, he proceeded to commend them for their ready Obedience, in giving such exact and punctual Attendance; but missing the *Fox*, he wonder'd how he alone should neglect being there at this so solemn a Meeting, since he had always held him as a Friend in high Esteem; which made him enquire about his Welfare, supposing some Sickness, or Misfortune had befallen him. But while his Wonder lasted, Sir *Isgrim*, the Wolf, stood up, and accused him in the following Manner.

My most Gracious Sovereign Lord, I well know, that it is neither Sickne's, or any ill Hap, that makes *Royard* decline appearing before your Majesty, with the rest of your Subjects; but his great Guilt for the many Outrages and Violences he has committed against a Number here present, whose just Complaints he fears will be laid against him, to bring him to deserv'd Punishment and Disgrace, for abusing not only us, but your Majesty,

in

In condemning your Orders and Commands, notwithstanding your Clemency towards him heretofore, and the many Favours you have heap'd upon him; and particularly, as to the Injury he has done me and my Family, I have brought many to testifie it, and which, being plainly prov'd, I doubt not of your Majesty's Consent to redress and revenge my Wrongs. Then thus, dread Sovereign it was: My Wife and Children being at Home, and basking at their Ease, whilst I was ranging abroad, *Reynard* coming that Way, enter'd my House forcibly, against my Wife's Consent, and after many Scoffings and Tauntings at her, and my young Ones, in a scornful Kind of sporting Manner, whisking up his Tail, he so bepiss'd their Eyes, that by the Stink and Sharpness of his Urine, they immediately became blind, and have ever since continued so, to the great Grief and Sorrow of me and my poor Wife: And altho' a Day was set that he should come to answer for this Injury, and the Book was tender'd him to swear, whether he was Guilty of it, or not; yet he refus'd to do it, in Contempt of your Majesty's Command and Royal Authority. Many more Injuries I could reckon up, as divers noble Beasts here present can testify; but they are so many, and grievous, that should I tell them all, they would tire your Patience, and discompose your Majesty with too great an Anger: And therefore expecting the Justice of the Law, for what I have related, and more particularly for the Shame and Villany he offer'd my Wife, which in this Place I am unwilling to mention, I shall at this Time say no more, lest I should seem too tedious to your Grace.

He had no sooner ended, but *Curtis* the Hound, (formerly a Lady's Lap-Dog, but turn'd off when French Spaniels came into Favour,) in a piteous

Tone, began to yelp out his Complaint against the Fox, saying. May it please your Majesty, tho' I was brought up tenderly, lay warm, and far'd sumptuously at my Lady's Table every Day, yet, losing my Mistress's Favour, to make Room for a *French Cur*, I was thrust out of Doors in a cold Winter, and forc'd to ramble up and down 'till almost starv'd, but at last Fortune turn'd a little favourable, and gave me the good Chance to find a Pudding, which tho' *Reynard* knew it, was all I had to live on, he violently took it from me, so that through Cold and Hunger, as your Highness may plainly see, I am almost starv'd to Death; and therefore I demand Justice against him.

Sir *Tibert* the Cat hearing this, and being akin to *Reynard*, in a Rage started out of the Throne, and humbly besought his Majesty's Leave to speak; which the King granting, he proceeded in this wise:

May it please my Sovereign Lord, I own that grievous Complaints are made against my Kinsman *Reynard*, in his Absence; yet were their Actions narrowly search'd into, who make the Complaints, they would appear worse to your Majesty, than what they lay to the Fox's Charge: For tho' I pretend not in every Thing to vindicate him, yet thus much I must say, touching the Accusation of this scoundrel Hound, If *Reynold* took the Pudding from him, he only deceiv'd the Deceiver; for the Thief, my Liege, stole it from me after I had ventur'd my Life for it in a Mill, by taking it thence, whilst the Miller was tumbling a handsome Wençh on the Sacks; and he meeting me before I could convey it to my Store House, by purposely crossing the Way upon me, without a Word speaking, took it by violence from me: Besides, this is long since, and seeing it was most properly mine, and I forgave my Kinsman, there

can be no just Ground of Indictment against him upon his Accusation, since according to the old Proverb, *To deceive the Deceiver, is no Deceit*. And further, if, without offending, I might produce Evidence, I doubt not but to prove the Wolf's Accusation malicious, and to clear the Fox in all Points.

At these last Words, the Panther rising from his Seat, with a compos'd Countenance, said, Sir *Tibert*, you are carried too far by the Bonds of Friendship, in Vindication of your Kinsman, more than he deserves, since you must know him to be a Thief and a Blood-sucker, a Destroyer of the King's peaceable Subjects, and a Hater of them all, making it his study how to bring them into Mischief, and then his Pastime to insult over, and devour such as are too feeble for him, or not wise enough to shun his Craftiness; a Person altogether regardless of the King's Honour, which he would not only contemn, but suffer to the utmost, for so small a Thing as the Leg of a fat Hen, or Goose.

And to make this more plain, I shall only instance what I was an Eye-witness of, in relation to poor *Keyward* the Hare, who now is under the King's Protection, by whose Royal Goodness he is defended from *Reynard's* Insults. This crafty Villain, *Reynard*, pretending to be in Orders, and a Chaplain, so far insinuated on the poor Hare's Belief, with a shew of Sanctity, cloak'd with Hypocrisy, in hopes of satisfying his own End, that the silly Creature agreed he should teach him his *Credo*, and being by that means in his Power, he made him sit between his Legs to sing, but it had like indeed to have been his last Song, for the Fox catch'd him so fast by the Throat, that had I not been passing by, and at the Cry rush'd in to his Assistance, he had died there, and serv'd *Reynard* and his Family for a Holiday-Feast. And that this,

my Lord the King, is true, you may easily perceive by the yet bleeding Wound on *Keyward's* Throat.

Therefore my Liege, if you suffer such Outrages to go unpunish'd, it will be a Dishonour to your Royal Dignity, a manifest Violation of the Laws, and not only reflect on yourself, but on your Children, that are now, or shall hereafter be begotten, and many Years to come will not be able to blot out the Slander of this Evil.

This was applauded by most, and the King by them intreated to execute the Laws, in punishing of the Fox; but especially the Wolf urg'd it vehemently, saying, The Panther has spoke the Truth, and therefore his Advice and Council ought not to be rejected.

But whilst the King was about to give Sentence, his Eyes sparkling like Fire, and groaning within himself, so that most Beasts trembled, up started *Grimbard* the Brock, Nephew to *Reynard*, intreating, That in his Uncle's Absence, he might plead for him, to the Accusation laid to his Charge; which, with some Difficulty, the King consented to; and then he proceeded in this manner:

As to the Wolf, said he, my Dread Sovereign, you cannot, I hope, but conceive in your princely Wisdom, what he says against my Uncle, proceeds only from Malice; and that, according to the Old Proverb, *Never speaks well*: Kings, as well as meaner Persons, are not exempted from it.

Then turning to him, said, Sir *Isgrim*, notwithstanding all that you have alledg'd, I wish you durst to venture your Honesty with my Kinsman's, upon the Trial of both your Lives, that he, who upon plain Proof and Conviction, should be found Guilty of the greatest Crimes, might die in a Halter. I boldly tell you, here in the Face of the Court, and as much as you suppose you stand in
the

the King's Favour, on such a Trial your Guilt will appear so heinous, that if you were not ashamed to do it, it would be in vain to ask Mercy: How often, with your venomous Teeth, have you maliciously worried and wounded my Kinsman, put him in Peril of his Life, and defrauded him of what he labour'd and ventur'd hard for, that you might satisfy your greedy Maw? Amongst many of which Injuries and Outrages, I shall here, for Brevity's sake, reckon up a few: You have perhaps forgot how you cheated him of a large Plaice, which he, at the Hazard of his Life, adventur'd into a Cart for, and throwing it down, you immediately took it by Violence from him, and for his Share, gave him only the Bones, which you durst not eat, for fear they should stick in your Throat, and make you howl, as when you implored the Crane's Aid, and prov'd ingrateful to her, in denying her the promis'd Reward, tho' by her putting her long Neck down your Throat, she had eas'd your Misery, and in all probability sav'd you from being choak'd. At another time you serv'd my Kinsman a base fraudulent Trick, by taking from him a Fitch of Pacon, which he got out of a Chimney, not without Danger of breaking his Neck; and tho' he was so kind, when he perceiv'd you almost starv'd, to offer you Part, nothing would serve you but the Whole, tho' till you came to devour the last Morsel, you all along promis'd to leave him a sufficient Share; and finding he was deluded by you, he went only away sighing, without making any just Reproach. Nor was this all, for following him at a Distance, you perceiv'd he was going in Search for Provision; you soon found he, by his Cunning, had sung a large Sow asleep, and gotten from her one of her fattest Pigs, which you likewise greedily seiz'd, tho' at his Return, in Hopes to get another, he

was

was not only torn by the inrag'd Sow, but taken by the Owner in a Sack, out of which he gnaw'd his Way, whilst the Peasant carried him at his Back, to have him worried in the Market-place by Mastiffs. These, and innumerable other Injuries, have you at sundry Times done my Kinsman *Reynard*; wherefore you, and not he, ought to be punish'd.

And therefore I beseech his Majesty to consider these Things, and to judge impartially. I confess, there is one Accusation of Sir *Isgrim's* of no Weight, which is, That my Kinsman has lain with his Wife; it is very true, he has done so, but it was with her own Intreaty, and six Years before she was married; and she was so pleas'd with the Kindness he did her, that she has ever since born a tender Affection to him; and therefore it is a Folly for him to complain, who at that Time had no Interest in her, as to her Honesty, or Dishonesty.

The Brock had no sooner ended his Discourse, in Vindication of his Kinsman, but *Keyward* the Hare, in a piteous Tone, began his Complaint in the manner as the Panther related.

To which the Brock again replied, That if the Hare would undertake to learn, and prov'd a Dunce, it was but reasonable, that *Reynard*, as his School-Master, should correct him; for if Scholars have not due and moderate Correction, it is impossible there should be any capable of managing Matters in State and Religion.

Lastly, The Hound forsooth, makes his Complaint for the Loss of his Pudding; he might have behav'd himself better in his Mistress's Service, than to have been turn'd out to a desperate Fortune; besides, we hear what Sir *Fibers* says, he stole it first from him; so that had my Cousin hang'd him up when he took him, he had offend-

none

none but the King in doing Justice without his Leave, which he forbore to do, in regard to your Majesty, as being Wise, and well understanding the Laws: Besides, how can he do amiss, who does nothing without the Advice of the Priest? He is a Gentleman, and a true Man, and since your Majesty's Proclamation for a Cessation of Hostilities, he has so far complied, that he has injur'd none, keeping his Body under by Abstinence, eating but once a Day, often chastising it, and wearing a Hair-Shirt next to his Skin: And, as I have been inform'd, it is above a Year since he eat any Flesh, by those that came but very lately from him. He has forsaken his Castle of *Malepardus* for a poor Hermitage, forswearing Hunting, and all other Recreations, living by Alms, doing infinite Good, and repenting him of his Sins; so that he is grown meager and lean, sequestering himself from Company, as one weary of the Vanities of this transitory World.

Whilst the Brock was thus labouring to excuse and vindicate *Reynard*, the whole Assembly was surpriz'd at the Approach of *Chanticleer* the Cock, who, with two Hens, in a mournful Manner, came down the Hill towards them, bringing upon a Bier a dead Hen, with her Head bitten off; as he approach'd, he smote his Wings against his Sides in a melancholy manner, whilst the two Hens cackled out great and doleful Lamentation, each of them bearing a Taper, their Names being *Cragrant* and *Tantart*, and were found to be the Daughters of *Coppel* the dead Hen. But whilst the Wonder lasted, after they had made great Walling, and were come before the King, the Bier was no sooner set down, but *Chanticleer* humbled himself, and crav'd Audience; which being granted, he thus proceeded:

Great

The HISTORY of

Great and just Prince, I humbly beseech you to hear and revenge the Injuries done to me by *Reynard* the Fox, as also to my Children: For thus, most gracious Sovereign it happen'd, that when the Spring appear'd in all its Glory, I, by the Reason of the great Stock my Wife *Coppel* had brought forth, being in the Height of my Pride and Gallantry, having then eight valiant Sons and seven beautiful Daughters, which walk'd at pleasure in a well-fenc'd Yard, guarded by several Maistiffs, I thought myself the happiest of all Creatures; but, alas! my Joy was soon turn'd into Mourning, and I cast from the Height of my imagined Felicity, to the Depth of Misery; for whilst he remain'd there fearless of Danger, deceitful *Reynard* came one Day; (after he had many times attempted to leap the Walls in vain and had been hunted away by the Maistiff,) in a religious Habit, telling over his Beads, and making Signs of much Humility and Devotion, he call'd to me through the Wicket in a friendly Manner, shewing me your Majesty's Letters, seal'd with your Great Seal, wherein I found you had made an Universal Peace among Beasts and Fowls, throughout your Empire; yet, knowing him to be a Dissembler, and suspecting them to be Counterfeit, as I since understand they were, I at first but lightly credited him, till with many Oaths and Protestations, he avowed it to be Truth; and, that for his part, he had done with the World, and was become a Monk, intending to take a long Pilgrimage to repent of his Sin, shewing me his Books, Beads, Hair-Shirt, and all other religious Accoutrements; and persevering to affirm it with such seeming Sanctity, that I could not any longer mistrust; and being willing to walk at large, seeing him go away sighing, saying his *Crede*, and telling over his Beads, I call'd my Family about me, and in-

form'd

form'd them of the News, who were exceeding glad thereof; so that by Consent we flew over the Walls to range in the Fields; tho' I may ever rue that Day, for as we carelessly pick'd about, the Fox, who lay behind a Bush, crept on his Belly, till he came between the Wall and us, and suddenly surpriz'd one of my Sons, whom he murther'd, pack'd up, and bore away, to my unspeakable Grief; and having had so sweet a Bait, neither the Mastiff's, nor Hunter's could keep him away, till at several Surprizes, he had stole away thirteen of my Children, leaving me but two; and Yesterday, Coppel, my dear Wife, was surpriz'd by this Traytor, whose Head, as your Majesty may perceive, he bit off, and had born away her Body; but being pursu'd by the Hounds, he was compell'd to let her fall, and fly for his Life.

And thus your Majesty having heard my Wrongs, I implore you, by that Justice and Compassion that reigns in your Royal Breast, to revenge them on the bloody-minded Reynard.

M O R A L.

By this we see however wicked Men flatter themselves with escaping unpunish'd, by hiding themselves from Justice, yet it the more proves their Guilt, by emboldening in their Absence, their Enemies to complain against them: Which is demonstrated by the Wolf, who, as Guilty as the Fox, nevertheless takes this Time to make his Complaints against him, and so gives Encouragement to others, who in all Likelihood otherwise would not have done it. The Brock's pleading for the Fox, denotes that rich Men and Flatterers, tho' never so Vicious, rarely want an Advocate to excuse them, tho' they shame themselves in doing it, as the Brock did, when the Cock appear'd with his fresh Complaints against the Fox, &c.

CHAP. II.

How the King answer'd the Cock, and caus'd his Wife to be buried: How Bruin the Bear, was sent by the King's Command to fetch the Fox to Court, and the Trick Reynard put on him in his Search for Honey. And how the Cat was sent for him.



UPON the Complaint of Chanticleer, the King grew exceeding angry, and turning his Eyes on Grimmard the Brock, who had thus labour'd to excuse and justify Reynard, he sternly said, What think you now, Sir Grimbard, of this Refuse? Where is the Fox's Penitency? See how he has fasted, prayed, and mortified his Body, to your Shame, that dare to vindicate such a Traytor and Murtherer. But, by my Crown, I swear, if I have Life long remaining in me, he shall dearly pay for this. But at present, Sir Chanticleer, all that we can do for you, is to give Cappel your Wife honourable Burial, which shall be at my Charge. And in the mean Time, I will call a

Counsel,

counsel, to consider of Ways and Methods to do
 Justice and Right against her Murtherer.
 Whereupon he appointed the Goat and Ram to
 dig Mass at the Interment of Coppel, and that
 great Mourning should be made over her; so, up-
 on this, the Bier was taken up, and carried before
 the Cock and his two Daughters, who follow'd in
 Mourning-Hoods, attended by many other Cour-
 tiers, making a doleful Cry; but coming to the
 Grave, and the *Placado*, &c. being over, she was
 laid in very decently, and cover'd with a Marble-
 Stone, on which were engrav'd these Lines :

*Here Coppel lies, stout Chanticleer's kind Wife,
 Whom bloody Reynard did bereave of Life :
 Mourn you that read, whilst you to weep are able
 For her, whose unjust Death was lamentable.*

Whilst these Things pass'd, the King was at
 close Council with his Nobles, consulting how he
 might bring the Fox to deserv'd Punishment; and,
 after many Debates, it was concluded, he should
 be immediately sent for, to make his Personal Ap-
 pearance before the King, without any Excuse or
 Delay, there to answer such Matters as he stands
 charg'd with, and that Sir Bruin, the Bear, should
 deliver him the Summons, seal'd with the King's
 Signet; whereupon the King call'd him to him,
 saying,

Sir Bruin, it is our Pleasure you carry this Man-
 date to Reynard; but, withal, I advise you be-
 ware of him, for he is full of Policy, being a
 Craft-Master at Flattery and Dissimulation, lest
 he betray you into Snares and Intanglements, and
 bring you to Scorn and Mockery; therefore let me
 advise you not to rely upon your Strength too
 much, but use Policy and Caution, that you may
 return in Safety and Honour.

The

The Bear hearing this, and that the Trusty
fetching *Reynard* to Court, was repos'd in him
could not refrain laughing to himself a While
for the Hopes he expected of being reveng'd
him; and boldly made this Reply to the King
My Lord, said he, *let me alone with the Fox; I have*
Discretion enough to deal with him; I shall defeat
Designs, and baffle all Pretensions he can have on me
And so the Bear departed that Night, that
might be going early in the Morning onwards
his Journey towards *Malepardus*.

The next Morning, *Sir Bruin*, taking the King's
Letter with him, set forward, passing over Mount-
tains, and through many thick Forests, till he
came to *Reynard's* chief Castle, when, scorning
go in, but resolving *Reynard* should do him the
Honour to come and wait on him without, sitting
on his Tail before the Gate, he lifted up his Voice,
saying, *Reynard*, come forth to me, your Kinsman
Bruin, who am come with the King's Mandate, to
summon you to Court, to answer the Complaints
there laid to your Charge; therefore I advise you,
in a friendly Manner, to come forth, and go along
with me, thereby to shun the Danger, that, for
the Contempt of Royal Authority, may further
befal you.

The Fox heard this, but made no Answer, till
he had consulted how to be reveng'd on the Bear,
whom he well knew had no Love for him, but was
rather his mortal Enemy; and having cast several
Things in his Mind, whilst the Bear lay clamour-
ing again for him to come out, he immediately
threw open the Gates, and embracing him, said,

Dear Uncle *Bruin*, I am overjoy'd to see you;
pardon, I pray you, my Slowness of coming, for
when you first began to call, I was in the Middle
of my Evening Song; and Devotion you know,
must be minded before all other Business. Truly
you

in sweat, Uncle, and seem much tired, pray enter in and rest you: Could the King, in all his Court, send no meaner a Servant than your Noble self, (who is both Rich, Wise, and Powerful, nearly allied to him in Blood,) on such an unworthy Errand? I am exceeding sorry for it; but if he had not sent, I intended to have been at Court to Morrow. However, dear Uncle, since you are come, the Hope of Good Council I expect from you, much lessens the Weight of my Dread; only what grieves me, is, I fear in accompanying you, I shall be tedious to you, my Body is so much dis-temper'd since I have left off eating Flesh, and be-taken me to a new Diet, which has grievously swelled me.

What Meat is that, Nephew? said the Bear.

Alas! replied *Reynard*, it is of so poor a Sort, that it signifies nothing for me to tell it you; you eat of the daintiest and most costly Fare: However, notwithstanding this Excuse, which the Fox purposely made, to make the Bear more eager to know it, he pressing him to declare what it was, *Reynard* told him it was *Honey*, of which he had found such Abundance, that it could not, but in a long Time, be exhausted. This made the Bear hug himself with Joy, for there is nothing in the World, that ~~that~~ Creature loves more than *Honey*; so that many times they run the Hazard of their Eyes being stung out in rifling the Treasure both of the wild and tame Bees, by unadvisedly thrusting their Heads in amongst them, when the little Creatures, finding the Bear's shagged Skin impenetrable by their short Weapons, cluster about their Eyes, Nose and Mouth, and sting them in a furious manner.

The Remembrance of this, however, did not frighten Sir *Eruin*. for without asking whether it was in Hives, or Trees, he instantly embrac'd the Fox,

16 *The* HISTORY of

Fox, telling him, if he would help him to as much of that lordly Fare, as would suffice him, he would be his Friend for ever, and stand by him against his greatest Enemies, till he had made them silent and ashamed of their Accusations.

Upon this, the Fox having considered how to lay a Trap for the credulous Bear, tho' he had been pre-admonished by his Sovereign to beware of his Wiles, found an easy Advantage herein; for remembering that when he had stole a Pullet in *Lafret*, the Carpenter's Yard, the Night before, he perceived two Wedges sticking in a mighty Oak which being about the middle, divided one End to a great Wideness; and, thought he, if I get the Bear to put his Head in, that I might draw out the Wedges, and catch him by the Ears, should make fine Sport.

Whilst *Reynard* was musing on this Project, the Bear lay urging him to declare where this Treasure was, which he said, were he a King, he would give his Crown and Kingdom to be possessed of.

Why, truly Uncle, said *Reynard*, not to keep you much longer from what you desire, if I thought you were in Earnest, I could conduct you to the Yard, where is no less there than ten Tun.

Aye; but are you in Earnest, dear Cousin? said the Bear.

Why, do you think, said *Reynard*, I jest in this Matter?

No, no, dear Nephew; come along; oblige me in this, and bind me to you for ever.

So away they went together, the Bear in Expectation, and the Fox laughing in his Sleeve, to think how finely he should fool his Great Uncle travelling together in divers Discourses, till they came within Sight of the House, which *Reynard* no sooner shewed to *Bruin*, but he exceedingly rejoiced; and as they approached it, the Fox said

him in Derision, Pray Uncle, be moderate in eating, for such luscious Meat will put you into a surfeit.

Let me alone for that, said the Bear; I warrant you I know well enough how to govern my appetite.

Well, said the Fox, Uncle, I know you are discreet, and I leave it to you.

By this Time they were come into the Yard, where the Fox shewed him the Cleft of the Tree, calling him, there was some Part of the Honey; which, when he had dispatched, he would shew him more. The Bear, greedy of the Morsel, not mistrusting the Treachery of his Kinsman, thrust his Head and Fore-feet; but whilst he was searching about, *Reynard* pulled out the Wedges, and caught him in the Cleft.

The Bear finding himself thus unexpectedly surprized, through Shame and Pain roared out most loudly, so that he raised not only the Carpenter's Family; but upon their Cry, the Village; who came running with Staves, Clubs, and all sorts of Weapons; and among the rest, Dame *Jellock*, the Parson's Wife, came running with her Distaff in her Hand; so that poor Sir *Bruin* was extremely belaboured, whilst the Fox stood at a distance, sneering and scoffing at his Calamity: but finding his Life in Danger by the Blows that were laid on him, he put too all his Strength, and with much Struggling, rent his Head and Feet out of the Cleft; yet with the Loss of his Ears, Part of the Skin of his Face, and most of that of his Feet; whose bloody Face, and furious Teeth, frighting the whole Assembly, they parted in a hane, and gave Way for him; yet followed, as soon as he was passed, with mighty Strokes, till the Bear making to the River, plunged into it, and by the Force of his Body, threw Dame *Jellock*, and

and some others into the Water, where they floated like Shittle-cocks; to whose Relief the Priest, and others came running; the former offering a full Pardon and Indulgence for seven Years to come, to any that would save Dame *Jollock*; but at last, this occasion'd the saving of them all, and prov'd a Kindness to Sir *Bruin*; for whilst they were busy about it, he had swam a League down the River with the Current, and then got on Land, to bemoan his unadvised trusting the Fox; after he had been forewarned about it: But as happened, he landed on the same Side the Fox was on, who had just then stole a Hen out of a Farm Yard, and was going Home with great Joy; concluding *Bruin* was dead of the Effusion of Blood that flowed from him, and the mighty Blows he had received: But when he saw him there, he was extremely grieved, yet he resolved to scoff him thereby to increase his Misery, saying, How now Uncle? it seems you would not take my Advice but have over-eat yourself; see what comes of your Greediness: Now perhaps, you may fall into a Surfeit, and complain of me at Court; tho' what I did was well meant, and at your earnest Desire.

A Plague take you, replied Sir *Bruin*, for your Kindness; was I able to catch you, you should dearly pay for this Trick you have put upon me: Fool that I was, to believe a profess'd Villain, especially when I had so much Warning beforehand; but I hope to live to revenge this Treachery.

Well, said the Fox, that you must plot; and I fare you well.

The Bear was more grieved at these Taunings than at his Wounds, tho' the Blood ran furiously from his Face and Feet; but finding no Remedy after many Groanings, he threw himself in the River again, and swam to the other Side, where landing, and not being able to use his Fore-feet

he tumbled over Head and Heels, till he came to the Court.

The Lion no sooner saw him in this Condition, but he suspected some Treachery, and demanded who durst so misuse him: Sir *Bruin* having taken Breath, roared out in a piteous Tone, O my Lord, revenge me of this wicked Villain, *Reynard*, who has done me all this Injury and Disgrace. Then he proceeded to tell the whole Story of his Misfortune, as it had befallen him.

The Royal Lion hearing his Relation, groaned within him for Anger, saying, How durst that Villain be so hardy, as thus to abuse my Messenger, and one of so Noble a Rank? By myself I swear, it shall be retaliated with the bloodiest Revenge that ever Traytor suffer'd, as a Warning to all others.

Then he called a Council, to devise how to bring his Purposes about, and after many Deliberates, it was concluded he should be summoned to appear, else to be Out-law'd for High Treason on his Refusal, and all his Honours and Estate confiscated.

Then they order'd, that Sir *Tybert* the Cat, who was wise and judicious, should be sent to fetch him to Court; who being called, and having before pleaded in *Reynard's* Behalf, against the Complaint of *Curtis* the Hound, would fain have excused this Undertaking; but the King's injunction being strictly laid on him to perform, he obeyed; only saying, That if the Bear, who was of mighty Strength, had been so abused by him, it was not likely but his Misfortunes would be greater, as being weak; and that those who advised his Majesty to send him, were his enemies.

However, Sir *Tybert* went with his Summons, and being on his Way, a Swallow flew towards

him, which is one of St. Martin's Birds, which he intreated to turn on the Right Hand, but the Bird turned on the Left, which he thought an ill Angury; yet went with heavy Cheer, till he came to *Malepardus*, where he found *Reynard* sitting before the Gate, to whom he produced his Summons.

The Fox hereupon welcomed him with all the Blandishments and Flatteries imaginable, saying, I will obey it: Yet, said he, dear Cousin *Tybert*, after your great Travel, let me me intreat you to enter my poor House, and refresh yourself with such Provisions as I have, which are, indeed, but mean, and in the Morning I will go with you, for you I dearly love, and can trust; the Bear indeed was with me, but used such brutish Rudeness, that I was afraid to accompany him, lest he should destroy me by the Way; but as for you, I know you to be wise, learned, and good natur'd; so that were I labouring under any Disease, I would put forth all my Strength to accompany you.

Well, said *Tybert*, I believe you; but I remember a little While since, you were talking of Provision, I must confess my tedious Journey has raised an Appetite in me: Pray, Cousin, what have you to eat?

Truly, replied *Reynard*, I am but slenderly provided at this Time; my best Fare is only a few Honey-Combs, and to those you shall be heartily welcome.

Alas, said Sir *Tybert*, that's Meat too dainty and luscious for me; besides, I am often used to eat of it; but if you could help me to Half a Dozen Mice, you would infinitely oblige me, and make me your Servant for ever.

Mice, replied *Reynard*, love you them so well? Sure you are but in Jest, but if in Earnest,

take

take no farther Care, for here's a Priest that has a Barn hard by, where they swarm in such abundance, that you, and all your Kindred, are not able to destroy them.

Well, said *Tybert*, lead me to the Place where these Delicates are, and you shall find how faithful I will ever be to you.

Follow me then, said the Fox; and so together they went to the Barn.

Now it had so fallen out, that the Fox, the Night before, had stolen a fat Hen, and the Priest, in Hopes to take him at his next coming, had placed a Gin at the Entrance of the Hole; of this he was aware, and laughed to himself, to think how the Cat would be noos'd in it; saying, Hark, Sir *Tybert*, how they squeak; here is the Hole, enter in, and you will not fail of having your Belly full in a few Minutes; in the mean While I will stay and watch without, that none come to interrupt you. But, dear Cousin, be not too tedious, for I know my Wife will be impatient to see and embrace you.

Aye, but said the Cat, do you imagine I may safely enter at this Hole? These Priests are crafty Fellows, and couch Danger in the most seeming Places of Security.

O! never fear it, said the Fox: Why, what will you turn Coward, and be faint-hearted? I never perceived this Timorousness in you before; in Man, in, and fear no Danger.

Upon this the Cat sprung in, and was immediately taken in the Gin, which Danger he no sooner perceived, but he would a sprung out again, which drew it so close, that he was almost strangled, struggling and crying out bitterly. All this While, *Reynard* was a Looker on, greatly rejoycing, and icossing in this manner: Hah, Cousin *Tybert*, have you laid hold on the

Mice? I hope they are fat, for your Sake; me thinks you sing merrily at your Meat; pray, is it the Court-Fashion? If the Priest knew you were there, he would afford you such Sauce to your Meat, the like you never tasted before: I wish the Wolf was here, and coupled with you, then your Mewing, and his Howling, would make a curious Consort for the Bear to dance to.

The Cat all this while making a flouncing to and fro to get loose, awak'd the Parson, who, supposing it had been the Fox that had been taken, alarm'd his whole Family, and ordering Dame *Jellock* his Wife, to light up an Offering-Candle, he leaped out of Bed, and ran down Stairs, being followed by *Mortinet*, his Son, and others, who laid so unmercifully on *Tybert*, that they not only wofully bruise'd him, but *Martinet*, thinking at one Blow to deprive him of Life, beat out one of his Eyes, which the Cat perceiving, and finding what Danger she was in, taking a desperate Leap between the naked Priest's Legs, with his Claws and Teeth, caught hold of his Genitals, and brought them clear away, which made him a perfect Eunuch: This Dame *Jellock* seeing, cry'd out most piteously, and swore she had rather have lost Ten Years Offerings, than one small Morfel of those precious Jewels; cursing her hard Misfortune, and the Time that ever the Gin was placed there, to occasion this Loss and Sorrow; saying to her Son, see *Martinet*, thy Father's Delight, and my Jewel, taken away by the cursed Cat, so that now it is quite spoiled; and tho' he may be recovered, and live long, yet he can never be recover'd to my Satisfaction, or be any ways useful to me; but it is spoiled to his Shame, and my utter Loss; O, Woe is me!

While

Whilst she thus lamented, the Parson fell down in a Swoon; while *Reynard* lay fleeing at a Distance, saying, Dame *Jollock*, be not so grieved, there is many a Chapel has but one Bell in it, and that is sufficient to call the good Wives together; here is something yet left, therefore be not so discontented.

Now it so happen'd, whilst they were reviving the Priest from the Swoon, his Pain and Anguish had put him into, one rubbing his Temples, another running for Holy-Water to sprinkle his Face, and the rest very busie about him, that Sir *Tybert* took the Opportunity to gnaw the Cord in sunder, and give them the Slip; which the Fox seeing, much grieved that he had escaped; he returning to *Malepardus*, and the Cat in that miserable Plight, to the Court, there to complain of *Reynard's* Treachery.

The King was exceedingly enrag'd, upon hearing and beholding what had happen'd to his second Messenger, through the Fox's Villany, vowing a cruel Revenge, and called a Council how to contrive it, so that he might be brought to speedy Justice. But here *Grimbard* the Brock, *Reynard's* Kinsman, once more presum'd to interpose on his Behalf; saying, May it please my Lord, tho' my Uncle were more wicked than these Complaints make him, yet there are sufficient Remedies against his Mischiefs: Therefore if you proceed to Justice, I beseech your Majesty it may be done as appertains to one of his Rank, which is, to give him a third Summons, and then, upon his Refusal, to appear, you may pronounce Judgment and Sentence of Death against him.

Upon this the King sternly demanded of the Brock, if he knew any one that would trust him,

seeing two of his faithful Servants had been betray'd already to the Hazard of their Lives.

That will I, said Grimbard, if your Highness pleases to command it; and no doubt but I shall bring him with me.

Then the King order'd him to prepare for his Journey; and above all Things, to take good Heed to his Safety; and so the Council broke up.

M O R A L.

This sheweth, that the Broek being disgrac'd for standing up for his Kinsman, gave not over to vindicate him; so some Men, innocent themselves, think also, and run themselves into Hazards, by vindicating their vicious Actions. The Kings decently burying the Hen shows the Effects of a good Disposition to the Injured, in giving what present Satisfaction they can. In the Bear's Readiness to fetch the Fox, we find those that hate us, will take hold of any Advantage to do us Mischief, tho' they run a Hazard in doing it; as we find by being intrapped by the Fox's Cunning, with a feigned Bait of Honey. By the Cat's going unwillingly, signifies Prudence not to venture upon an Undertaking against cunning crafty Men, lest we be unadvisedly ensnared, as the Cat was in hopes of Mice.



C H A P. III.

How Grimbard the Brock was sent to command the Fox to come to Court ; how he consented to come, and was shaven by him ; and the Excuse he made before the King, of the Crimes laid to his Charge ; whereupon he was condemn'd to be hang'd ; with the Confession he made,



E Aarly the next Morning Grimbard, the Brock took Leave of the King, and went on his Journey to Malepardus, where he found Reynard and Ermilin his Wife playing with their Young ; and, when they had saluted one another, he said, Dear Uncle, take heed to yourself, almost every one at Court is against you, and your Death will certainly entue, with those of your Wife and Children ; also the Destruction of this your fair Palace and other Edifices, if you speedily appear not to vindicate your self ; which if you do, upon third Summons, you will foil your Adversaries, and put them to Silence ; for you know bet-

ter how to plead your own Cause than any one ; you have pass'd thro' many Dangers, and come off with Safety ; then do not incense the King in standing out but go along with me.

I fear not replied *Reynard*, and therefore will go to Court ; not to answer to Crimes, but because I know it stands in need of my Counsel ; nor do I doubt to make my Defence, and shame my Accusers.

Accusers, indeed in Mens Absence are bold, said the Brock, but when they come Face to Face, they have little to say to them.

Hereupon *Reynard*, being about to depart, address'd himself to his Wife, saying Dame *Ermilin*, take care of my Children, *Reynardine* and *Rossel*, and doubt not, but if I escape, I shall make quick return to you.

Then he took his Leave, and went with the Brock, leaving them Weeping, and in great Heaviness for his Departure.

Reynard and *Grimbard* had not got a Mile on their Way. before the Fox sigh'd grievously, and appeared very pensive ; of which Alteration the Brock demanding the Reason, the Fox fetching a deeper Sigh then before, replied Dear Nephew, since I am going to venture my Life, and some Things lie heavy on my Conscience, it is but reasonable to disburthen myself of 'em, and confess 'em to you, that so, according to your Wisdom, you being in Orders, may absolve me of them. that I may speak the more boldly when I come to make my Defence,

Consent, said the Brock, so that for the future you'll become a sincere Penitent,

This the Fox promis'd, and began to make his Confession : I have, said he, grievously offended against almost all Creatures : *Bruin* the Bear, was brought near unto Death by me ; *Tybert* the Cat

Cat I likewise snar'd, and caus'd to lose his Eye-
Chanticleer I have abused, and devoured many of
his Children; nay the King and Queen have not
been free from my Malice; the Wolf I have in-
jur'd many ways, calling him Uncle, the better to
delude him into Danger, tho' he is not any ways
akin to me, no Part of his filthy Blood running in
my Veins, however, by this Decoy, I gain'd so
upon his Easiness, as to make him believe he was
exceeding learned, and that I would perfer him to
be a Parish Clerk, which he joyfully hearking to,
I told him, the first Step to it was to toll the Bell:
Well, he desired me that I would teach him to do
it; so finding one Day the Chapel Door carelessly
left open, I fastned his Foot to a Bell-Rope, when
making a Jangling with the Bell, the Village rose
upon him, and almost murther'd him; I taught
him to catch Fish with his Tail in the frosty Wea-
ther; and led him to a rich Priest's House to steal
Bacon, where feeding so unreasonably that he could
not get out at the Hole enter'd. I snatch'd a Hen
from the Priest's Table, and running away with it,
dropt it where the the Wolf was, where my Pur-
suers found him, and having as they thought,
beat him to Death, they dragged him out and
threw him into a Ditch; where, notwithstanding
he revived, and crawled Home with broken Bones,
cursing me all the Way; *But the more the Fox
is cursed, the better he thrives*; for I catch'd
by the way a stubble Goose, and putting her up
into my Male, went to *Malepardus*, and made
merry with my Wife and Children: Another
time I led him to a Place where I told him, there
was seven Hens and a Cock, which indeed there
were before I had stole 'em, and conveyed them to
my Den, and there I thrust him on a Trap-door,
so that he fell down into the House many Stories,

raised the Family, who crying out, The Wolf the Wolf, rose with Tongs and Shovels, and so be labour'd him, that had he not escaped at a Door left open by Carelesness, they had there ended his Life. Thus at sundry Times I've brought him to the Brink of the Grave; yet, like a true Fox, can deny it upon the Account of any Danger to myself, as confidently as if I had never seen him in all my Life; I have also offended Dame *Arse* wind his Wife, of which I must likewise repent, tho' I am now ashamed before you, who are a very modest Person, to express the manner of it.

Nay said *Grimbard*, if you make your Shrift imperfectly I know not how to allot your Penance and absolve you.

Truly, replied the Fox, I've often lain with her; first by Force, when I perswaded her to thrust her Head and Fore-feet into a Yoak, telling her it was a Nun's Veil, and that I'd teach her to sing her *Ave Mary*, and afterwards, often by her Consent, since she has been married to *Isgrim*; and now I've told you all, order me my Penance.

Well, said *Grimbard*, break off that Hazel wand with your Teeth. Which the Fox readily did; then said the Brock, Give yourself three Stripes on the Body; With this he also complied; then said the Brock, Lay it down and leap over it, without bowing your Legs thrice. This he did likewise. Now said *Grimbard*, there remains but one thing more, and I absolve you, and that is, take it up and kiss it gently, in Token of your Repentance and Humility.

This done, the Brock absolved him of his Murthers, Thefts and other Crimes to that Day; so that the Fox exceedingly rejoyced, not that he fancied it signified any thing, but that it being sold at Court, stood him in stead with the Over

credulous, and beget in them a better Oppion of him for the future. Yet for all this, *Reynard* could not long dissemhle, for as they passed by a Nunnery where many Geese and Pullets were straggling on the Common, he leap'd at a fat Hen, but she struggled and got away from him, leaving him only his Mouth full of Feathers; for which the Brock extreamly chid him, putting him in mind of what he had lately promised; but it signified little, for till they were out of Sight, he looked back and kept his Eyes on them, his Chops watering after so dainty a Morfel, for which, when the Brock again chid him, he replied,

Dear Nephew, you do me Injury for I was only looking towards your holy Place, and saying a *Placedo* for all the Souls of the Hens, Geese, Ducks, &c, that have been wounded and devoured by me.

Ah, said *Grimbard*, I am afraid you are of the Nature of the Cat in the Fable, whom a young Man so intirely loved that he prayed in the Temple of *Venus*, till, for his Sake, the Goddess turned her into a Woman; but no sooner was she in Bed with her Bridegroom, in the Height of Joy and Delight but seeing a Mouse on the Floor, she leaped from her Husband's Arms to pursue her, forgetting how she was changed and designed for other things; which so angried *Venus*, that she transformed her again into her former Likeness. You are wise, Uncle, and can make a Moral Construction of this, fit to be applied to your present Circumstance, therefore be cautious, and well consider your Ways for the future

Whilst this Discourse continued, they came within sight of the Court, which made *Reynard* tremble; however, he resolv'd to face the Storm, and so, with the Porter's Leave, they entred the Gates of the Royal Palace of *Sanden*.

No sooner was the Fox's Arrival known, but all the Beasts whom he had injur'd prepared to exhibit their Complaints against him, but as he passed thro' Troops of them, he kept his Countenance, without any Sign of Fear, or Regard of their threatening Looks, as if he had been the innocentest Creature in the World. When he came before the King, who sat in a Chair of State, his Queen on the right Hand, and his Counsellors about him, he fell on his Knees, craving the Blessing of Heaven and Earth on their Majesties and all their Royal Progeny, wishing them Success, Health and Victory, with many other flattering Expressions, to curry Favour; but they were little minded by any, as knowing they proceeded rather from Fear than Reverence or Respect; however, he thus craftily began to excuse himself:

I do not doubt, most gracious Sovereign that tho' I am the truest of all Servants to your Majesty, yet I am envied for it by many in this Court, who labour to rise by my Fall: yet tho' Flatterers always lurk in Princes Courts with their false Tails, and set Speeches, to abuse Royal Ears, yet your Majesty is known to be of a more discerning Judgment than so to be imposed on; therefore I doubt not but those who would abuse you with unjust Complaints against me your faithful Servant, will be brought to deserved Shame.

He would have proceeded, but the King angrily interrupting him, said, Hold your Peace, Traytor; I know, by Dissimulation and fair Speeches you would evade your Punishment, and lay Crimes to the Charge of others; but your Blandishments will not now avail you, you have too often deceived me, and broken the Peace I strictly commanded to be inviolably kept.

Then

Then all present began cry out against the Fox of several Injuries he had done them ; but the Lion commanded Silence, and thus proceeded : Thou wicked Wretch, dost thou see how many accuse thee ? and darest thou pretend to be Innocent ? With what Face can'st thou say thou art my faithful Servant, since so often you have willfully broken my Commands ; but a severe Punishment hangs over thy Head.

Alas, replied the Fox, I see many powerful Enemies here, who, by their rash Unadvisedness, or covetous Inclinations, have rushed into Misfortunes, and now are prepared with Malice enough to lay the Fault on me : Could I help it, if Sir *Bruin* got a bloody Pate by his greedy Search after Honey in the Carpenter's Yard ? Had he had any Regard to your Majesty's Affairs, he would have immediately returned to give an account of his Errant, and not, by preferring his own Advantage, fallen into the Hands of Men who so misused him. As for the Cat, his Fault was the same, to prefer a few silly Mice before your Interest, or the Regard of your Commands ; and tho' being took in the Priest's Barn in a Gin, he lost an Eye, yet by biting off the Priest's Genitals, he has disappointed all the young Women in the Parish, who us'd to be refresh'd with that most comfortable Morsel : Those Injuries the Bear and Cat received, were none of my Offences it is plain, but sought by themselves. But you, my gracious Lord, may do your Pleasure with your humble Slave, who has no other Hope against such powerful Opponents, but in your Royal Clemency, tho' my Death is too mean a Sacrifice for your Anger, and can yield you little Profit ; yet whatever you determine, I shall patiently submit to.

When

When *Reynard* had proceeded thus far, *Belin* the Ram, and *Oseway* the Ewe, stept from among the Crowd, and humbly besought the King, that they might have a fair Hearing; and so did some hundreds more, who had been injured by him, all with one Cry imploring Justice against him. This made *Reynard* look pale, especially when he found the King was no longer to be won on his Side, for he caused him immediately to be arrested, and upon plain Proof of many notorious Crimes, by several credible Witnesses against him, Sentence was passed upon him, That he should be excuted on a Pair of Gallows of twenty Foot high; which Sentence was immediately recorded.

This made Sir *Reynard* look very melancholy, and dejected, especially because the King had strictly commanded that none of his Friends should interceed for his Pardon; but his Enemies greatly rejoiced, as not doubting but they should now be revenged on him: which made the Brock, and other of his Blood, seeing they could do him no Good, retire from Court, discontented; which the King observing, said to his Council, It is needful that we take mature Deliberation on this weighty Matter: For tho' the Fox has Faults, that have created him many Enemies, yet I perceive his Virtue has chain'd to him close many fast Friends.

Whilst the King was thus discoursing, the Cat, impatient of Revenge, urg'd the Wolf and the Bear to hasten *Reynard's* Execution, alledging, the Night was at hand, and then he would give them the Slip, and escape into some Hole, Bush, or Brake, where they should not, without great Difficulty, if at all, recover him: Besides, Sir *Isgrim*, consider it was by his means your two Brothers were hanged some Years since, where the Gallows is yet standing; let us convey him thither.

At this Reproach *Isgrim* grew very angry, yet resolved to be reveng'd; they lead him, the Bear, before, and the Wolf behind, to the Place of Execution, where *Tybert*, who was appointed Hangman, had got with the noozed Rope, and there when the King, Queen, and Nobles had plac'd them on Scaffolds, to see his Last, they rais'd the Ladder of it with the Rope about his Neck; when turning to that Side the King and Queen sat on, he said, Now I am in great Sorrow surrounded with the Terrors of Death, tho' I have seen my Father die this Way with much Gentleness, yet as a poor dying Wretch, all I intreat is, That I may disburthen my Conscience, and open the Secrets of my Heart, to die with the more Ease, that I may not be disturbed in my Grave, by going out of the World with any thing that may be burthensome to my Conscience.

This Request was thought reasonable by all, and the King thereupon giving him free Leave to speak; after fetching a deep Sigh, he thus proceeded: Alas! I see few here whom I have not offend'd in a grievous manner, tho' in my Youth I was accounted Vertuous; but playing with Lambs, at last I fortun'd to bite one, and tasting the Sweetness, of his Blood, I could not forbear till I had murder'd many; this carried me likewise among the Goats, to destroy many of their Kids, then I fell upon Hens, Geese, &c. And so by degrees my Crimes encreased to greater Matters, till roving in the Winter, I met with Sir *Isgrim*, who lay in a hollow Tree almost famish'd, and made him believe he was my Uncle, declaring unto him my Pedigree, so that he seem'd to be very glad of his Kindred; and from that Day (which I am bound to curse) I struck a League of Friendship with him, and we together murder'd many of your noble Subjects, the lesser not being sufficient for his hungry Maw;

Maw; as Bucks, Does, Rams, Ews, and the like; of which I had to my present Grief, but a very slender Share; not that I wanted it, but to see his Ingratitude, who set for him all Game; for I then had, and still have, more Treasure than ten Carts can contain.

When the King heard him speak of such great Riches, he interrupted him, and commanded him to declare how he came by it, as being desirous to be possessed of it: To which the Fox replied, My Lord, this Wealth indeed was stole, and had it not been so, it had cost you your Life, which Heaven defend from the bloody Designs of your Enemies. When the Queen heard him say so, she started, saying,

Reynard, I command you to conceal nothing of this dangerous Conspiracy against the Life of my dear Lord.

To which he replied, Most gracious Lady, I think it well becomes me, in this Case, to disburthen my Conscience, that I may go out of the World with more Peace of Mind: Certain it is, that the King should have been murdered by his own Subjects; and tho' many of the Conspirators are my near Kindred yet, as a dying Wretch, for whom Hopes of Life does remain, I will not spare to discover them for the publick Good, in the Preservation of your Majesties, who had e'er this Time been disposed and murdered, had it not been prevented by my Means. And hereupon he looked so pitifully, that the Queen intreated the King, that the Fox might have Liberty to make the Matter more plain; which being granted, and Silence commanded, he again proceeded.

Some Years since, my Father searching the Earth in a strange Wilderness, happen'd to find the Treasure of King *Ermerick*, consisting of Jewels, Silver,

Silver, Gold, and other rich Things, whereupon he grew proud, and held in Contempt of the Beasts of the Forest; then calling Sir Tybert to him, he ordered him to go to the Forest of *Arden*, and seek out his *Bruin*, with Letters, wherein he acquainted him with his good Fortune, and tendered his Fealty to him, saying, If he would come to him, he would make him King, and set your Royal Crown on his Head; which he, who is the most ambitious of all Creatures, delayed not to come, and then they sent for *Grimbard* my Nephew, and *Isgrim*, and many others, so that the Conspiracy grew strong, and divers were sent out to levy Forces, to be paid with the Treasure my Father had found, which they secretly lifted in great Numbers, throughout your Dominions; but while they thought to bring their wicked Purposes to an Issue, *Grimbard*, at one of their Feasts, being flustered with Wine, declared all to Dame *Slopard* his Wife; and tho' he commanded her Secresie on Pain of her Life, yet, affrighted at such horrid Treasons, she could not long conceal it, but told all to my Wife *Ermelin* as they were passing over a Heath, saving their *Ave Maria*; and tho' she swore her to Secresie by the three Kings of *Cullen*, yet she could not refrain to reveal it to me in a great Consternation: Nor was I less astonished when I heard it, my Heart sinking down as cold as Lead, yet I made it my Business to Counter-plot my Father, and so narrowly watched him, to find where his Treasure lay, (and preserve your Majesty) that one Day I see him come out of a Hole, looking every Way to see the Coast clear; and I being unseen of him, he threw in the Earth, and smoothed it over with his Tail, going immediately to the Conspirators, to tell them all was safe.

The Night was no sooner come, but I brought my Wife and Children to the Place, and with infinite Labour we remov'd it to another Place, which Loss, when my Father came to understand, not knowing how to recover it again, he thro' Shame, Anger, and Vexation, hang'd himself, which I contentedly could behold for the Preservation of your Majesties Lives; for when they first heard of this Disaster, and the Loss of the Treasure that should pay their Forces, they disbanded their Armies, and broke up their Consultation with great Confusion.

Thus, by my Policy, the Bear was frustrate from placing himself in your Royal Throne, tho' from this good Service to your Crown and Dignity, sprung all my Miseries, by making myself such potent Enemies, whose Malice has persecuted me to the Gates of Death, whilst they who would have destroyed you, are of your Privy Council, trampling on me who am fallen into Misery and Disgrace, for doing that, which by my Allegiance I was bound to do. And here he ended very sad and pensive, though in his Mind he was otherways, as knowing this feigned Story would work his Deliverance, and gain Advantage over his Enemies.

M O R A L.

By the Brock's being sent, shews when others are endanger'd, to try such as the Vicious Party has Kindness for, or will appear in his Vindication, that they may either prevail, or run the Hazard of their own Folly. His Shrift to him, shews Hypocrisy, and a seeming Religion when in Danger, that those who are innocent, may pity and stand by them, being deceived by their specious Pretences of reforming their Lives, yet are so habitually wicked, they cannot long conceal

it, as appears by the Fox's catching at the Capon, &c. His Excuses at Court, shews when Men are in Danger, they will not stick at any Falshood to free themselves, as by the Fox's feigned Treasure appears.

C H A P. IV.

How the King credited him, and caused him to be taken from the Gallows, whereupon he vowed a Pilgrimage, and brought the Bear and Wolf into great Distress, and was himself highly honoured: How he murdered Keyward the Hare, and sent his Head to the King, by Bellin the Ram, who was thereupon given to the Bear and Wolf to be slain, &c.



THE Fox by his dissembling Speech, having possessed the King with Hopes of gaining vast Sums of Treasure, and how he had befriended him in preventing the Treachery designed against him, he caused him immediately to be taken down from the Gallows, and questioned him where the great Riches he spoke of was, who told him it was hid

hid by him in a Wilderness, called *Hulsterlo*, under the Bottom of a Beech-Tree, by the Side of the River *Creckneypit*, that runs through the Wilderness. At this the Lion stared on him, as if he believed it not, saying, he had heard of most Places in the World, as well Cities and Towns, as Forests and Rivers, but never heard of these. O my Lord, replied the Fox, as I am a dying Creature, unless your Mercy be extended to me, it is certainly true; and if my Words gain no Belief, even *Keyward* the Hare, though he decalres himself, without Cause, my Enemy, if he be sworn, will give you an Account of the Wilderness and River. Then was *Keyward* call'd and put to his Oath, to answer nothing but the Truth to such Questions as should be demanded of him. Then said the Fox, *Keyward*, let not Prejudice hinder you to answer my Question, Know you, *Creckneypit*? Yes, very well, replied the Hare, it is a great River that runs thro' the Wilderness of *Hulsterlo*, where Father *Simony* the Monk, was taken Coining false Money, many Years before *Ringwood* the Hound and I scraped Acquaintance: I may well remember it, for there I have endured many bitter Winters. Upon giving this Testimony, he was ordered to withdraw. Then said the Fox, May my Relation be now credited? Yes, *Reynard*, said the King, and I intreat you to excuse my Jealousie, which could not be less, since you have so many times deceived me; but however, it will be convenient that you go with me, and shew me the Place. Alas, said *Reynard*, I should be proud to attend on your Majesty, and the willingest Creature in the World to do it, had I not Yesterday made a Vow, if I escaped with Life and Liberty, I would immediately take a Pilgrimage to *Rome*, to be absolved of the Pope's Curse, which I lay under, for persuading the

Wolfe

Wolf to run away from a Monastery where he had enter'd himself a Monk, upon his complaining to me that he was almost famished for want of Food, tho' indeed he eat as much as six; and from thence I intend to pass to *Jerusalem*, and so mortify myself by Fasting, and doing Good Works, that I may wash off the Stains my Crimes have fixed on me. Well, replied the King, if such a Vow be upon you, and you under the Censure of the Church, you shall not accompany me, but depart and perform what you have promised: I will take *Keyward* the Hare, and some others with me, who may direct me as well.

The Fox greatly rejoiced at this; and the Conference was no sooner over, but the King and Queen mounted on a Scaffold, in Sight of all Beasts present, placing the Fox between them, and Silence being commanded, the Lion thus began: All you my Subjects, who are here assembled, give good Attention to what I shall say: In *Reynard* I find no Fault, or at least such as he has repented of; therefore I constitute him one of my supream Ministers in State-Affairs, and of my Household the Chief Officer, freely acquitting him of all his Trespases, and consigning to him a General Pardon for all Crimes committed by him to this very Moment; and therefore command you, upon your Allegiance, to do to him, his Wife and Children, that Reverence as is due to their Characters; for he is become a new Creature, and now is going a Pilgrimage to *Rome*, to repent him of his Sins, and obtain the Pope's Absolution.

When the Wolf, Bear and Cat heard this, they were much grieved that his Flatteries and Lies had prevailed against the Truth; so that the Wolf could not forbear complaining against the Fox to the King, with such Arrogance, that being seconded

conded in the same Manner by the Bear, it was taken so heinously, that they were both arrested for High Treason, and bound Hand and Foot, so that they could not stir from the Place where they lay; afterward they were cast into a Dungeon, which not only overjoyed the Fox, that his Project had taken so well, but struck the rest of his Enemies with such Fear, that they immediately departed; yet here he stopped not, but petitioned the Queen to have as much of the Bear's Skin as would make a Coat of Male; as also to have the Wolf's two Fore-Shoes, and his Wife's Hinder-Shoes, to keep his Feet from the Stones and Gravel; which were taken from them with great Pain and Danger of their Lives; yet notwithstanding the intollerable Pain, they durst not revile the treacherous Fox, who had been the Occasion of their Miseries.

When *Reynard* had greas'd and fitted on his Shoes, he desired that his Staff might be blessed and delivered to him according to the Use of Pilgrims; which the King commanded the Ram to do, as also to say mass over him before he departed; but he refused it, because he was under the Pope's Curse, unless the King would secure him against the Bishop and Ordinary; but when he saw the Lion look angry, he trembl'd for Fear, and immediately sung Mass over the Fox, who little regarded it; then giving Benediction to his Staff and Male, he delivered it to him; so the Lion and all the Beasts attended the Fox Part of his Way, who seemed loth to depart, tho' inwardly he desir'd nothing more than to be rid of their Attendance; so that he intreated the King to return for his Health's Sake, and to prevent the Danger that might happen if the Wolf and Bear should get loose, and raise Tumults and Commotions; so taking solemn Leave, the King return'd

with

with all the Beasts, except *Keyward* and *Sir Bellin*, whom *Reynard* persuaded to go farther with him; so, by Degrees, with pleasant Tales and Discourses, he drill'd them, by unknown Ways, to *Maleparsonus*, that being his furthest intended Pilgrimage; and now he was fully resolved to be reveng'd on the Hare for accusing him to the King; wherefore at the Gate of his Palace, he said, *Sir Bellin*, if you'll but stay a little here, I and *Keyward* will step in a few Moments, and take Leave of my Wife and Children, where he shall be Witness to a few Passages and Vows between us, that if either break them, the Law may inflict due Punishment; so going in, they found the She-Fox and their young Ones at their Ease; yet she no sooner see *Reynard* return in Safety, but leaping up, she ran to embrace him, and ask'd of his Welfare, and how he sped at Court; which he told her from Point to Point, with all the Honour that had been done him; how he had left the Bear and Wolf in Prison, and deceiv'd the King; and, as for this *Keyward* he's my Enemy, and has vehemently accus'd me, and have decoyed him hither, to take Revenge, and feast on his Carcass.

Keyward no sooner heard this, but he trembled and cried to *Bellin* for Help; but *Reynard* soon caught him by the Throat, and stopped his Noise, beat him up all but the Head, which the Fox saved to ensnare the Ram's Life.

After they had merrily breakfasted on poor *Keyward's* Carcass, the Fox declared to his Wife, That this Fact known at Court, would make all disbelieved he had said, and then speedy Search would be made after him; therefore if she would agree to it, he thought fit, for both their safeties, to change the Place of their Abode, and give *Incognito*, but she urged so many Reasons against it, that he resolved not to remove.

Whilst

Whilst these Things passed within, *Bellin* was without waiting, with much Impatience, for the Hare's Return, that they might go back to Court, and therefore call'd aloud for him to come forth; whereupon the Fox went to him and said, Good Sir *Bellin*, be not angry, for *Keyward* is so engag'd in Discourse with his Aunt, he cannot leave her, nor can she as yet part with him, her Love is so great to him; but if you will be pleas'd to go a softly Pace before, you know he is light, and will easily overtake you, before you have travelled many Miles. Nay, said the Ram, but if I mistake not, I heard *Keyward* piteously cry out, Murther. Alas, replied the Fox, then you are mistaken indeed; can you so much as fancy he can receive any Hurt under my Roof? far be that Thought from you: True it is, there is some thing in it; you might hear him cry indeed, for when I told my Wife the long and dangerous Pilgrimage I had undertaken, she swooned away for Grief; wherein *Keyward*, through the great Affection he bears her, fearing she would have dy'd, cry'd out, O! Sir *Bellin*, help, help, my Aunt dies; but soon she was revived to his and my unspeakable Joy, whereupon he left crying. But letting these Things pass, you remember I promised to send the King Letters before my Departure, which all this While I have been writing, and must intreat you, dear Cousin, to carry.

I would be your Friend in this, said the Ram, but I am, as you see, unprovided of any Thing to put them in; and to carry them in my Mouth would look ridiculous. Well, said the Fox, for this trouble not yourself, you shall have my Mail, which you may hang about your Neck, and carry with little Trouble; they are so well penn'd, that you will gain Credit by them, if

not Preferment: I am content you should have the Praise of them, and say you dictated the Words, whilst I writ them down. This made the silly Ram, who was ambitious, greatly to rejoyce; to the Mail, with murther'd *Keyward's* Head in it, was hung about his Neck, and so he took his Leave, flattering himself with the conceived Hopes of Advancement all the Way he went to Court, considering many ignorant Persons, who have had the Vanity to attribute the Labours of others to themselves, have met with Advancement; and why might not he be of that Number?

When he came to Court almost breathless for Haste, he found the King sitting amongst his Nobles, discoursing of *Reynard's* Pilgrimage, many pitying him for the tedious Journey he had undertaken, and applauded him for his Reformation from a wicked, to a virtuous Life; but when the Lion saw the Bear's-Skin Mail about the Ram's Neck, with something weighty in it, he wonder'd, and the more, because he came without the Hare; and thereupon demanded where he left the Fox: My Lord, replied he, I attended him to his House, and from thence I brought these Letters, which, indeed, are of my own inditing, tho' my Cousin writ them over, and recommended them to your Majesty, not doubting but they will give your Highness great Satisfaction.

The King commanded *Bocart* his Secretary to take off the Mail, open it, and read the Letters with a laudible Voice; but instead of Letters, he had no sooner put his Hand therein, but he drew out murther'd *Keyward's* Head, which struck the whole Assembly into a great Consternation; and the Ram seeing how he was imposed on, trembled, and fell on his Knees, craving Mercy.

The King having by this Time recover'd himself from this Amaze, with an angry Voice, his Eyes sparkling like Lightning, said, How blinded was I in my Understanding, e'er to credit this Traytor *Reynard*, who under all his fair Speeches, covers Malice and Mischief. Whereupon he groan'd terribly, and hung down his Head for Anger and Shame to be imposed on, as likewise did the Queen ; which Sir *Firelaper* the Libbard, who sat next to the King, perceiving, thus began :

Let not Sorrow come near your Highness's Heart for this traiterous Deed, but keep it for nobler Purposes : Are not you Lord of the Forests, and all your Subjects in your Power to punish as you please ? To this the King replied, Dear Cousin, such unexpected Mischief and Disgrace as this, cannot but touch me near ; I am, to my Shame, betrayed by a base Villain, whom I too fondly, and against Reason, credited ; one who has made me do Injury to my best Friends. and even those of my Blood, as is testified in what I have unadvisedly done to the Wolf and Bear on his Accusation, and my Queen's Persuasions, which will stick as a Stain and Reproach on me for ever.

Let not your Majesty say so, replied the *Libbard*, you stand above all Injuries, and your Smiles can easily cure the Wounds you have made ; the Recompences you are able to give, are sufficient to reward those that may complain : If the Bear and Wolf have been injured by *Reynard's* false Accusation, there is a present Way before you to make them amends ; since the Ram has confess'd himself a Party with *Reynard* in *Reynard's* Death, owned he indicted the Letters, which in plain Terms was murdering the Hare, for no better Construction can be made of it, seeing

ing he has audaciously brought his Head to his Majesty, let him and his Lineage be given to them as a Prey: And for *Reynard*, tho' he is not in your Power at present, yet we will go and besiege his Castle, take him thence by Force, and bring him bound to your Majesty, to do with him as you shall think fit.

This Counsel highly pleas'd the King, who immediately sent the *Libard* to fetch Sir *Bruin* and Sir *Isgrim* from Prison, where they lay in Chains, expecting every Hour the Sentence of Death; but Sir *Firelape* no sooner pronounced their Pardon, but those Fears vanished, they rejoiced when he told them the King was not only sorry for the Punishment he had caused to be inflicted on them, but, as a Recompence, had deliver'd into their Power the Ram and his whole Lineage, to devour and destroy at their Pleasure, wherever they met them, for ever; as also to hunt and destroy *Reynard* the Fox; and all his Lineage, wherever they should find him, or them; and for which Privilege they should receive Letters Patents under the Royal Signet, not to be revok'd, if they kept their Fealty inviolable: Upon these Terms, coming into the King's Presence, they were received into Favour, so that at the King's Command, *Bellin* was immediately slain, and after him, they went out and destroyed a great many of his Kindred, as well sucking Lambs, as Ewes, and so continue to persecute them to this Day.

Now upon this Reconciliation, great Feasting was made at Court, which continued many Days, to which resorted all Beasts, and as many Birds as were in Friendship with the King; but the Fox he kept close, and would not be present, though he was cited, so that all manner of Re-creations were to be seen there. But during
this.

this, came *Laprel* the Coney, with a grievous Complaint against *Reynard*, That whereas he was passing by *Malepardus*, and perceiving him standing in the Habit of a Pilgrim at the Gate, supposing to have passed peaceably by him, he leaped on him at unawares, and struck him such a violent Blow between the Head and Shoulders, that he fell down, and had he not suddenly recovered, and leaped from between *Reynard's* Claws, tho' very much wounded, he had there devoured him.

The Coney had no sooner made an End of his Complaint, and prayed Justice, but *Corbant* the Rook, came flying before the King with a piteous Noise, saying, I beseech your Majesty to hear and revenge my Wrongs on bloody *Reynard*; for so it happen'd, that this Morning, *Sharpbeak* my Wife, leaving our young Ones in a neighbouring Wood, flew to the Heath to seek some Food for them, where, to our great Amazement, we saw *Reynard* lye stretched on the Ground like a dead Carcass, his Tongue lolling out of his Mouth, and his Eyes fixed and staring; who, Woe is me, my Wife in her Simplicity, laying her Head to his Mouth, to hear if she could perceive him breath, the treacherous Dissembler, who had put himself into that Posture to move our Compassion, and draw us within his Reach, leaped up on a sudden, and catching hold of her Neck, bit her Head off; Whereupon, affrighted, I flew into the Air, or else, with the same Greediness, he had taken me along with her; but getting to a Tree, I there sat secure, tho' in great Sorrow, to see him devour her Body; which done, he went away, then flew I with doleful Cries to the Place, and gathered up all the Remains, which were only these

these Feathers, which I brought before your Majesty, as a Testimonial of her Murther.

M O R A L.

By the Honour the King did the Fox, shews, that Great Ones may be deceived by specious Pretences, especially if they are covetously given, as the Lion's Hopes of gaining the Treasure, made him acquit Reynard, whom, a little before, he had justly condemned. By the Misery he put the Wolf and Bear to, signifies the sudden Turn of Affairs, and how to complain unseasonably, brings Mischief. His slaying the Hare, and sending his Head by the Ram, denotes innocent Persons are betrayed into Mischief unadvisedly, under specious Pretences of Friendship. The Complaints of the Coney and Rock, a wicked Habit in the Fox.



CHAP. V.

Now the King, upon these fresh Complaints, grew exceeding angry. How Grimbard the Brock, gave him Advice of it; and how the Fox was a second Time Absolv'd, and excus'd himself to the King. How Dame Rukenaw, the She-Ape, pleaded for him, and the King consented to hear him.



THE King, upon these new Complaints and Villanies, was so moved against Reynard, that he vow'd the bloodiest Revenge that ever Creature fell under, from which all his Flatteries should never be able to deliver him: Is this, said he, his Pilgrimage to Rome, and the Holy Land? For this did he procure his Shoes and Scrip. to the Hazard of my Friends Lives? Well, he shall dearly rue it; tho', indeed, I should never have believed him, but for the Persuasions of my Queen. When he had thus said, with a stern Countenance he

he commanded his Nobles to give Counsel, so that his Honour might in this Case be saved, and his Fame not evil spoken of. At this the Bear and Wolf greatly rejoyced, as still thirsting after Revenge; yet they kept Silence, expecting others to speak first; but none doing it, the King grew exceeding angry, looking grimly on them. 'till the Queen said, Sir, It's no Part of Royal Wisdom to protest, or believe any Thing, 'till the Matter be made apparent; therefore you ought to have both your Ears open in this Case, as well to the Complainants, as Complained; so that weighing the Cause in Equity, you may the better do Justice: And however I may have err'd in perswading you to any thing in Favour of him, I am thus far sure, that it will be most for your Honour, since he cannot fly out of your Reach, to try him by the Laws.

This Speech of the Queen's was seconded by the *Libard*, who said she had spoken very graciously, and that he could not in Reason go from what she had said, in trying the Fox, by which, if found Guilty, would leave him without Excuse: Therefore, said he, it is fit he should be summoned, and confronting his Accusers, make his Defence.

This moved Sir *Isgrim* to Anger, fearing, if the Fox had this Favour allowed, he would not, by one Trick or other, fail to get another Advantage over him; saying, If my Lord, the King's Pleasure, be to comply with your Advice, none of us must gainsay it; however, I will maintain *Reynard* a false Traytor, and one whose Life is deservedly forfeited, if but for his late abusing the King, with a false Story of *Creckney-pit*, which was only feign'd to get his Liberty, and to bring the King's true Subjects into disgrace, that he might go on in his Rogueries,

and rob and spoil all that pass by his Castle : You see, likewise, how little he respects the King, who the other Day gave him his Life, that he has sent him in Derision, *Keyward's Head*, and laughs at the Thoughts of his deceiving him with a feign'd Pilgrimage.

The King hearing this, made but light of what the Queen and *Libard* had said, and therefore resolving to take him from his Castle by Force, and execute him on his former Sentence, he commanded all the Beasts to arm, and attend him for that Purpose within six Days ; ordering those that were not free to this, as any way favouring the Fox, to turn their Backs, that he might know them for his Enemies ; and here-upon the Assembly broke up.

Grimbard hearing what Danger *Reynard* was in, privately withdrew, to advertise him of it, that so he might make timely Provision for his Safety : *Reynard* no sooner saw him, but concluding he came with bad News, demanded what brought him thither ? To which the *Brock* replied, O Uncle, fly for your Life, the King, with all the Power of his Kingdom, is arming against you ; your Enemies, *Bruin* and *Isgrim*, are released out of Prison, and have slain the Ram, for bringing *Keyward's Head* ; likewise all his Lineage is given up to their Power, and they are now in higher Favour than ever, wherefore they will not fail to urge your Destruction ; there are likewise exhibited against you, new Complaints by *Corbant* the Rook, and *Laprel* the Coney.

Well, Nephew, replied the Fox, I return you hearty Thanks for your officious Care ; but were there a Thousand conspiring against me, I value them not a Rush ; for if I can have Liberty to speak for myself to the King, I shall be even with some of them, before they are aware :

There-

Therefore trouble not yourself, Nephew, but let us go in and feast on this Pair of young Pigeons I just now took, as they attempted to fly out of their Nest: So charging him he should tell his Wife nothing of the Danger, in they went, where *Ermelin* received the Brock very kindly.

After Dinner, *Reynard* requested *Grimbard* that he would promise to stand by him, and get him as many Friends as he could, to do the like, for he was resolved to come to Court; and once more face his Enemies. You do well in that, replied the *Brock*; and on my Life, I will undertake for you, that you shall not be without Friends to second you, nor want the Favour to speak freely before the King. Then *Reynard* called his Sons before him, and declared to the *Brock* how forward they were at their Game; that they had the true Quality of the Fox, which was to intangle and betray, and kill, when they seemed most compassionate; and all that he had further to learn them, before they were sent out, was how to avoid Gins, Snares, and Hounds; which Towardliness of his young Kindred, made the *Brock* greatly rejoice; and having rested a little, they prepared to depart; *Reynard* charging his Wife to be troubled at no News she should hear, but construe it to the best; also to be careful of herself and his Children, and keep close the Gates, not letting any one in, Friend or Foe, till his Return, or that she heard further from him. And so away they went together, not telling his Wife the Cause of his Journey, whereupon he left her in exceeding Sorrow, for his so sudden and unexpected Departure.

Being on the Way, the Fox urged the *Brock* to make his Confession a second time, for that

since he was last shaven, he had committed many Sins; to which *Grimbald* agreeing, he thus proceeded: You know very well, how I caused the Bear and the Wolf to be served, by falsely accusing them to the King, as also Dame *Arsewind*, whose Hinder-Shoes were stript off at my Request: And further then, know, that the Story that I told the King of the Treasure was all feign'd, as was the Conspiracy of *Bruin* and *Isgrim*; *Keyward* I killed, and betrayed the Life of *Bellin*, in sending his Head by him to the King; the Coney I wounded, and would have slain, had he not slipped out of my Hands; *Sharpbeak* I did slay and eat; I further put an almost fatal Trick upon the Wolf, which in my last Confession I omitted to mention, which was thus: As we passed over a Heath by a Wood-Side, the Wolf being very hungry, espied a Mare with a curious fat Colt running by her Side; at this his Chaps water'd, but fearing the Man's Strength, he resolv'd to try another Way, whereupon he sent me to know whether she would sell it, and if so, what the Price would be; when I, to please him at that Time, went and asked the Question; to which the Mare replied, she would willingly sell him for ready Money; but when I came to demand her Price, she said she could not tell it; but if I could read, I might find it written at the Bottom of her Hind-Foot. Ho, ho, thought I, are you thereabouts; well, this will pass on my Uncle *Isgrim*, but not on me; then I told her truly, that I could not read, nor did I come to purchase for myself, but for the Wolf, who is hard by, expecting your Answer: Then said the Mare, let him come and read it himself, that we may speedily agree; so I went and told him, if he could read, he might have his Belly full,
for

for the Mare would freely sell her Foal, if he could read to her the Price of him, which, she said, was written on the Bottom of her Hind-Foot.

Read, reply'd *Isgrim*, (with a kind of Disdain) why I have studied at both Universities, and can read perfectly all Languages; therefore if that be all, let me alone to buy the Purchase. So away he went, but had no sooner taken up the Mare's Foot, but the crafty Jade, whilst he was poring on it, smote him full on the Fore-head, so that he tumbled over and over, lying, and piteously howling on the Ground, whilst she galloped away, laughing at the Trick, her Foal following her the same Pace, till they were both out of Sight: Whereupon I went to him, and said, Dear Uncle, what have you eaten up all the Colt, and left me not one small Morsel? But pray, what did you find written on the Mare's Foot? It should be a prick'd Song by our singing. Indeed you have now shew'd yourself a good Scholar, and gained a plentiful Feast by it. O Nephew, replied he, do not add more Misery to me by scoffing at me; you see I am all bloody, and desperately wounded, for whilst I was looking on her Foot, taking the Nails to be Letters, the dam'd Jade, with her long Leg, and Iron-heel, smote me on the Head, that she has e'en beat out my Brains. Alas, said I, Uncle, I am sorry for that; but indeed I took you for one of the greatest Scholars; but, I see, according to the old Proverb, *That the greatest Scholars are not the wisest Men*. This, with my smiling, made him fret exceedingly, but all in vain, he knew not how to help himself.

Upon this, *Reynard* desired the Brock to absolve him, which he did, by making him take certain Stones out of a Brook, and laying them at a

Distance, rowl himself three times over them ; and so they went on, discoursing of Flatteries of Courtiers, the Dissimulation of Priests and Women, &c. till they came to the King's Presence, where he saw many of his Friends, which made him not a little rejoyce ; then he fell down before the Throne, whilst the King wonder'd how he durst venture to appear ; and thus began to deliver himself : My dread Sovereign Lord the King, and Lady the Queen, May all Blessings descend upon you, to crown you with a lasting Health and Happiness, and give you Wisdom, that you may truly discern between Right and Falshood ; to know who are your Friends, and who are your Enemies. Here I am come to execute myself of Crimes unjustly laid to my Charge since my late Departure ; or else by this Time, I had been far on my Pilgrimage ; therefore I beseech your Majesty to let me see my Accusers that dare to impute to me any Failing in my Promise, or Disobedience to your Majesty.

To this the King replied, with a stern Countenance, *Reynard*, I know you are subtil, and full of Deceit ; but this Day shall be the End of your taking Pride in my Disgrace, for which your Life shall immediately pay the Pride of my Dishonour : You have shewed your Obedience to my Commands, in the Violence and Murther you offered the Coney and Rook, who are here to testify against you.

My dread Sovereign, replied the Fox, their Accusation I would gladly hear ; however, I know it to be false.

Then they accused him, as has been recited ; upon which the Fox replied, My Lord, this is palpable Malice, and no Truth, they are suborned by my Enemies, to bring these Slanders against me : I confess, when my Nephew *Grimbard* brought
me

me Tidings of it, I was preparing for my Pilgrimage, but it so troubled me, that I resolved not to go till I had cleared myself before your Majesty: The Coney, whom I ever held as my Friend, came indeed to my House, as I was saying Mattins, and was kindly welcomed, and feasted by my Wife, with such, as on a Fast-Day I kept in my House; but having refreshed himself, *Rossel* my Son, who waited at Table, offered to take away what he had left; whereupon the Coney gave him a violent Blow on the Mouth, which made him bleed; which his Brother *Reynardine* seeing, and being grieved thereat, fell upon him, and would have slain him, had not I, upon his crying out, come from my Devotions, and taken him off, giving my Son severe Correction for breaking the Rules of Hospitality in my House; but, it seems, for my good Deed, his Malice has made him post to your Highness, and accuse me of a Crime I am ignorant of.

As for the Rook, there is nothing more false than his Accusation; for, as Yesterday I was sitting at my Door, he came flying about me with great Cries, of which I demanded the Cause, he said, Woe is me, for my Wife, Dame *Sharpbeak*, is dead. How came she by her Death, said I? Alas! reply'd he, Yesterday on the Heath she found the Carcass of a dead Hare, which she eating, and it being full of Worms, they eat through her Stomach and killed her. This, my Lord, is the Truth, neither more nor less.

If this be true, which I very much doubt, reply'd the King, there's another Treason against you, which, I believe, you cannot deny, that is, the Murder of *Keyward*, whose Head you sent me in Derision, by *Billin* the Ram, who has been

been executed, as being only your Messenger, and for which you shall surely die.

At this *Reynard* was much dejected, but being comforted by Dame *Rukenaw* the She-Ape, his Aunt, he took Courage, and replied, Alas, my gracious Lord, you tell me strange News; is the poor Hare dead? It grieves me to think on't: He was dear to me, and far be it from me, that I, who loved him, should have a Hand in his Death.

Then said the King sternly, Thou dissembling Traytor, darest thou pretend to gild over thy Wickedness with plausible Words, thou art now too sure in my Hands, to escape my Justice.

This made him fetch many deep Sighs, as fearing now his last Hour was come; which the She-Ape perceiving, addressed herself on his Behalf to the King, in this manner: My gracious Lord, I beseech you for a While, suspend your Anger, and hear what I have to say.

At first the King refused her Request, but the Queen and *Libard* interceeding, she had Leave to proceed.

Then said she, My Gracious Lord, there are many here that complain, who have more grievously offended; my Kinsman's Merits plead for him, when they can pretend to none, that have been any ways serviceable to your Highness; it is not unknown to your Majesty, what Services yourself and Predecessors have received from his Father and self, having born greater Reputation in Court, than either the Bear or Wolf, or all their Kindred; their wise Counsels have been in great Esteem, when others have been rejected; but now Things go strangely, his Services are forgot, and those that deserve not, are taken into Favour, who rather
seek

seek to debase, than advance your Majesty's Honour and Dignity.

The King replied, Dame *Rukenaw*, had the Offences done by *Reynard* been to you, you would have resented them more: He has been so wicked, that of all others, there's none but yourself will speak well of him; and you only he has deceived into a Belief of his Sanctity, by Flattery and Dissimulation.

Nay, replied she, my Lord, I am more wise than to be deceived; I know much Good by him, and therefore love him: I can tell how his Judgment and Wisdom has been applauded by your Majesty; you may well remember a Man and a Serpent came to the Court of Judgment, and he wisely determin'd it, when neither the Bear, Wolf, or any other knew how to do it; the Case was briefly thus: A Man on the Road found a Serpent entangled in a Snare, who cried piteously to him for Help, which moved the Man to Compassion; so that upon the Serpent's Oath, not to hurt him, he delivered him from certain Death; whereupon they travelled together, till the Serpent, grown hungry, flew at the Man; but he starting aside, put him in mind of his Oath, to which he replied, I remember it well; but now Hunger dispenses with it, I may lawfully kill thee. However, the Man desired that his Case might be try'd by the next Passenger, which happened to be *Tisellen* the Raven, and *Slinope* his Son, who gave Judgment against the Man, in Hopes to get a Share, but he refus'd to stand to their Award, as Delighters in Blood, as also he did that of the Bear and Wolf, who gave the like Sentence against him for the same Reason, appealing from them to your Majesty, whom he knew to be Noble, Merciful, and Wise, yet much perplexed to determine this Matter,

Matter, by your Desire the Fox undertook to do it: Then he desired to see the Serpent in the same Case he was, when the Man released him; whereupon, by your own Command, being nooz'd in the Snare, out of which he had been delivered, my Kinsman then said, If the Man will releate him now, and trust to his Oath, then the Serpent shall be at Liberty to chuse whether he will eat him, or forbear; but if he thinks he will break his Oath, then I leave it to his Discretion to do as he pleases. To which the Man replied, I will not release him; for if he, who is once perjured, get loose, he will not hereafter regard any Oath, but certainly destroy me. So the Serpent for his former Ingratitude was left in the Snare to be famished. This Judgment of the *Reynard's* was then highly applauded, as just and equitable, by yourself and all the Court, above what had ever been given in any doubtful Case; tho' he boasted not of it, as many would have done, tho' less deserving. Besides these, and other Things, he has many Kindred that will stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes; as for my Part, I and my three Children will die in his Cause, rather than he shall suffer any Injury, which a Number more will not fail to do. Then she called forth all her Kindred and Relations, saying, Come forth, all my dear Friends, and stand by your Kinsman *Reynard*; all of you petition for him to his Majesty, that he may give him the Privilege of the Law.

Then presently leaped forward a great Number of Beasts, as the Squirrel, Weasel, Ferret, Otter, &c. all of them loving Pullen as well as *Reynard*, standing by him, and beseeching the King in his Behalf, for they stood in Awe of Dame of *Rukenaw*, and durst not disoblige her.

The

The Queen seeing this, said, True Dame, I and Sir *Firelapel* told the King as much, but his Anger for the Death of *Keyward*, blinded his Judgment and Reason so, that he would not give us the Hearing.

To this the King replied, Truly I was a little overseen in it, for that Disgrace done me, gave me no Time to consider; but now he shall answer for himself, and if the Laws will quit him, I am contented.

At this unexpected Turn of his Affairs, *Reynard* greatly rejoiced, and gave hearty Thanks to his Aunt, who had gained this Advantage for him, saying, Dear Aunt, I am now confident all my Adversaries shall not prevail against me.

M O R A L.

The Anger of the Lion, shews the Disposition of a Good Prince, to be offended at Vice and Injustice, or at the Injuries done to his good Subjects; and the Persuasion of the Queen and Libard, shews the Temper every good Prince ought to be endowed withal, not to be too hasty, or passionate, but to administer Justice with Moderation. The Wolf's Envy, shews the Malice of a subtil Foe, is to take all Advantages. The Brock's secret going to the Fox, shews the Office of a good Friend; as does the Ape's, who spoke for him; but the Fox's second Repentance, a continued Dissimulation, to insnare the Belief of the Credulous.



CHAP. VI.

How the Fox having Liberty to Plead, protested his Innocence, and described certain Jewels he sent to the King and Queen by the Ram, grieving for the Loss of them; and his own Services and Merits gains the King's Good Opinion.



THE Fox having now free Leave to plead, said, May it please my gracious Lord, you much astonish'd me, when you mentioned the Death of *Keyword* the Hare: If he be dead! O where is *Bellin* the Ram, that he may stand forth and clear my Innocence; besides, I tremble to think what precious Jewels are lost; if he has miscarried, all the Wealth of both the *Indies* cannot make a Recompence for their inestimable Value; but more it grieves me, they should be detained from you, to whom I sent one of them, and the other two to my Lady the Queen, in
Requi-

Requital of her Kindness to me in my late Misery.

Nay, said the King, however it happened, I received no Jewels, the Ram only brought me the Head of *Keyward*.

Upon this, the Fox looked very sad and dejected, crying out, Woe, and alas! to me, that ever I should trust so faithless a Messenger with such inestimable Treasure; the Loss of these Jewels, I know, will be the Death of my Wife, when the doleful Tidings comes to her. Well, said Dame *Rukenaw*, sorrowing for them will little avail; let us hear them described, and then we will take Care to find them out in whose Hands they are, if all the wise Women in the Country can discover them.

O, dear Aunt, said *Reynard*, you do but say this to take off my Sorrow; for I am confident into whose Hands soever they are fallen, they will not part with them for any thing on Earth; no Crowns or Kingdoms can buy them from them, if they but know their Virtues: However, though their Remembrance does add to my Affliction, yet, to please you, if the King and Queen desire it, I will describe them. Upon this, having Leave given, he began in this manner:

The first, said he, that I sent to my Lord the King, was a Ring of Gold, in which was placed a Jewel of great Price, it was enamell'd with Sable and Azure, and within it engraven three Hebrew Characters, which I could not read; but going to a great Astrologer and Linguist, he told me, they were the Names which *Seth* brought out of *Paradise*, when he fetched from the Guardian Angel some of the Oil of Mercy to heal his Father *Adam's* grievous Distemper, and whosoever wore it, should be free from Thunder, Lightning, and any Conspiracies against him, livelong,
be

be always Victorious, resist Temptations, Witchcraft, and be Prudent and Healthful. The Stone set in it was of three several Colours, the first like Crystal, glittering with Sparkles of Fire, so that in the Dark it gave a marvellous Light; the second was clear, and sparkling with Flame-Colour, having a Virtue to cure any Defect in the Eyes or Body, only by stroaking the Place grieved, and indeed most Distempers, especially all Venom. The last was of Emerald-Colour, mixed with small Spots of Purple, so that whoever wore it, should be matchless for Valour, altogether unconquerable, not stirred to Passion, but Wise, Just, and Merciful. It had many other rare Virtues, so that I could not imagine any Creature on Earth worthy to possess it but your Majesty, who is the best of Princes. The other two Jewels I sent to my Lady the Queen, one of them was a Comb made of the Shoulder-Bone of *Pantherus*, a Beast found near *Paradise*, whose Beauty and Smell allures all Beasts to him; and in this one Bone, all the Virtues of him is contained, yet it was polished so light, that any Breath of Wind would move it from its Place; the Scent of it was so rare, that it cured Apoplexies, and all Diseases of the Head, beyond the Skill of the most learned Doctors; and between the Teeth of it, which looked like Silver, were Spaces in which curious Figures were engraven, and inlaid with Gold, representing the Story how the three Goddesses strove for the Golden Apple, and chose *Paris*, Son to King *Priamus*, Judge, to determine the Strife; who seeing them all naked, for the Inscription on it was, *Be it given to the Fairest*; he decreed it to *Venus* the Queen of Beauty, in Lieu whereof, she gave him the beauteous *Helen* of *Greece*, Wife to King *Menelaus*, which caused Ten Years Wars of *Troy*, and in the End, the Destruction of that fa-

mous

mous City by the *Greeks*. The next Jewel, as I may well term it, was a Mirror, or Glais, wherein whoever looked, might see Things at a great Distance, as plain as if they had been near them, yea, for many Miles : The Wood of the Frame was of such a Nature, that it was exceeding light, no Worms, or Space of Time, was capable to corrupt or destroy it ; and on it were framed many curious Stories, inlaid with Wood of various Colours, - enamelled with Gold, the Words being written under the Figures in Letters of Gold to explain them. The first was the Fable of the Horse, who being at Contention with a Hart, and not able to overcome him, implored the Herdsman to mount on his Back, that so he might pursue his Adversary ; but being weary, the Hart by much out-stripping him, he desired his Rider to light, that he might rest. Nay, said he, not so, for having a Bridle in your Mouth, and Spurs at my Heels, you having once voluntarily given up your Power and Freedom, shall be at Command. At which, the poor Horse, too late, seeing what Misery his Thrift of Revenge had brought him into, only sighed, and bewailed his Captivity. At another Corner of the Frame was, the Fable of the A's and the Hound : It so happened, that an old rich Farmer had a little Hound that he entirely lov'd, who us'd to play with him, leap into his Lap, and feed at his Table, whose lazy Kind of Life the A's seeing, and how much the Hound was made of for it, whilst himself, who by his Labour brought in much Gain, was turned into a dirty Hovel, to feed on Chaff and Straw, resolved to try if his flattering his Master might bring him into as great Favour ; whereupon, one Day as he came Home, he met him, leaped about him, frisked his Tail, and shook his Ears ; but his Master little minding it, he came nearer to him, and
standing

standing on his Hind-legs, laid his Fore-feet on his Shoulders, braying horribly, and offered to kiss him; by which the Master was thrown to the Ground, crying out piteously, Help, help, this wicked Afs will murther me. Whereupon his Servants came running with Cudgels, and so belaboured poor *Baldwin* the Afs, that with a bruised Pate, and broken Bones, he was forced to fly to his Hovel for Shelter, where lying down on dirty Straw, he thus complained to himself: O Woe is me! I see I must be but a poor laborious Afs, whilst idle Parasites and Flatterers live by my Toil and Sweat, in Ease and Pleasure. At another Corner, was the Story of my Father and Sir *Tybert*, who travelling together by a Wood-Side, and being espied by the Huntsmen and Hounds, when my Father said to the Cat, Climb up that Tree, for I have a hundred Wiles to escape. Whereupon he immediately clamber'd up a high Oak, where among the thick Boughs, he remained secure and unseen, whilst my Father was pursued near at the Heels; and had he not dropp'd his Male, and slipp'd into a Hole, he had, notwithstanding all his Wiles, become a Breakfast to the greedy Hounds; whilst the Cat stood securely, scoffing, saying, Now, Sir *Reynard*, it's Time to use all your Cunning, or your Skin goes to the Furriers. At the fourth Corner, was the Story of the ungrateful Wolf to the Crane, who having with his long Neck and Bill pulled a Bone out of his Throat, that struck cross, which grievously pained him, and had certainly killed him, he not only refused Sir *Gruin* the Crane, his Reward, but scoffingly told him, It was well he escaped with Life, since when his Head was in his Mouth, it was in his Power to have bit it off; and since he was so kind as not to do it, he ought to take that for Satisfaction: Which proves his high Ingratitude,

not only to the Crane, but to me who have done him much Good. These, and a Number more, were the Devices that beautified this stately Jewel, which makes me shed Tears for its Loss, since, with such Care, I took it from the rest of my Father's Treasure, to preserve it for your Majesty. And one Thing more there is that much troubles me, which is, that your Majesty should say, That neither my Father, nor myself, have done any Good, but been troublesome to the Court: Remember, I beseech you, when you were young, how your Royal Father, lying on a languishing Bed, despairing of Life, my Father came from his studying Physick at *Montpelier*, and coming into the King's Presence, he said, Ah! *Reynard*, I am grievous sick, and must die, unless your Learning and Skill in Physick can find a Remedy.

Let not my Lord say so, replied he, then feeling his Pulse, and viewing his Urine, he found it was a Pleurisy, and might be cured, by eating the Liver of a Wolf of seven Years Growth. This, *Isgrim's* Father hearing, began to tremble; but the languishing King casting his Eyes on him, said, Sir *Isgrim*, you hear this, and I am sorry it falls on you, yet, for the Publick Good, you must not value your Life, since in mine the whole Commonwealth is so nearly concerned,

Then the Wolf began to excuse it, saying, He was not meant by it, for he was but five Years of Age.

However, said my Father, that matters not, let me see the Liver, and then I can tell whether it will fit or not.

So the Wolf was slain by the King's Cook, his Liver taken out and dress'd, and thereupon your Father recover'd his Health, and liv'd many Years; tho' perhaps, your Highness was so young then, that this Passage is slipp'd out of your Memory;

66 *The HISTORY of*

mory, tho' my Father was honoured for this with
 a Gold Chain and Medal, which I yet have. Nay,
 as for my own Part, I may boast some little Service
 done to your Majesty ; you may well remember,
 how when this Wolf present, and I, had killed a
 fat Swine, you and your Queen came very hungry
 out of the Forest, where you had been taking the
 Air, and demanded a Share, but *Ilgrim* grumbled,
 and would allow you none of his Part ; how-
 ever, I bestowed mine on you freely ; but that not
 sufficing, you demanded some of his, which he was
 conveying away, and for his Refusal, gave him such
 a Blow with your Paw, as fetch'd the Skin over his
 Ears, and then compelled him to hunt for more ;
 when I going with him, we soon found a fat
 Calf and brought it to you, and it being my Lot
 to divide it, I gave Half to the Queen, and Half
 to you ; the Intrails I sent to the Princes your
 Children, giving the Wolf only the Head, and
 being myself contented with the Feet, which made
 you ask, *Who taught you to divide so well?* To
 which, pointing at the Wolf's Ears, I replied,
 That Example before me, made me see how to
 behave myself towards my Betters. This you ap-
 plauded, and was very much pleased at what I
 had done ; but now, by Flatterers and Upstarts,
 all my past Services are forgotten, and I am trample
 led on, who have done well ; whilst they for do-
 ing wickedly, are exalted. There was a Time that
 nothing was done without my Advice, but that
 is past, and I must be content with my Suffer-
 ings.

Well, replied the King, grieve not so much Sir
Reynard, for that Day may be restored, if you be-
 have yourself as becomes your Birth ; I have no-
 thing more to lay to your Charge but *Keyward's*
 Death, and the Disgrace you put upon me in do-
 ing it ; but *Bellin* being executed, and no Wit-
 ness

ness to prove it, as to Matter of Fact, I must take your Word that you are innocent, and acquit you.

Upon this the Fox fell on his Knees, and returned him hearty Thanks, vowing, by his Holiness's Toe, none could be more sorry than he for the Death of the Hare. But more particularly, for the Loss of the Jewels, which, he said, the treacherous Ram had imbezell'd; but that Search should be made for them in all Parts of the World, both by Art, Magick, and strict Enquiry, which highly pleased the King and Queen; so that the Fox was dismiss'd to take his Repose, and make merry with his Friends; whilst the King consulted what should be done for him.

M O R A L.

The Relation the Fox makes of the Jewels, which he knew would be Baits to a covetous Mind, shews a cunning Dissembler, who knows how to blow with all Winds: He well knew if this gained Belief, his Intention of sending them to their Majesties would gain his Pardon, which he fancied his seeming Sorrow would work on them, upon their Loss; and that his inculcating to the King, his Father's and his own Services, would much further it; which indeed, is the greatest Insinuation to gain Belief of our Innocence.



C. H A P. VII.

How the Fox made his Peace with the King; and how he was complain'd against by the Wolf, whereupon they exchanged Gloves, in order to try their Innocence by Combat.



THE Fox at this expected Deliverance, and Hopes of Advantage, was exceeding joyful, laughing his Enemies to Scorn, which so enrag'd the Wolf, that he resolved to lay new Accusations to his Charge; and therefore when he was call'd into the Council, he stood up and crav'd Audience; which being granted, O my Lord, said *Igrim*, is it possible your Wisdom should again be deceived by this Traytor, composed of all Falshoods and Deceits, to whose Oaths there is no Credit to be given: The Villain, notwithstanding he now looks so demure, lately ravished my Wife,

Wife, and put us both in Danger of our Lives : For persuading her to take Fish with her Tail, while she, silly Soul, staid so long in a frosty Morning till it was frozen in, he leap'd upon her, and ravish'd her before my Face, I being then at a Distance from him ; but upon my Approach he ran away, and raised the Village upon us, so that we were desperately wounded, and she freed from the Ice, with the Loss of four Inches of her Tail-

To this the Fox replied, My Lord, It is altogether Untruth as to any Rape ; I taught her indeed to catch Fish, and she caught a great Number ; but she, over greedy, staid too long, till she was frozen in, then she called me to help her out, which I labour'd to do with all my Strength, but he, over-jealous of her, seeing me at a Distance, supposed me over-familiar with her, to avoid whose Fury, I retired ; then they ran howling about the Fields to catch them a Heat, which made the People come out armed in Pursuit of them. This, my Lord, is the Truth, and the Truth is the Badge of our Family ; which in eight Days I'll prove by sufficient Witnesses.

Then said Dame *Arsenind*, O thou dissembling Villain ! this is not only true, but more ; for finding you once in a Well, got down in a Bucker, I ask'd what you was doing ? and you reply'd, you had there found so many Fish, that you had almost broke your Belly with them, and yet great Store was remaining ; then said I, *Reynard*, how may I come to help you to devour them ? O Aunt, said you, get into the other Bucker, which is aloft, and you will be presently with me ; so I leap'd in, when by my Weight I descended, and you ascending got out ; then with Taunts and Jears, you left me there, where I narrowly escaped with Life, being found half starved by the

Swains, that came to draw Water for their Sheep, who miserably beat me.

Why Aunt, replied the Fox, if this be true, it was but Self-Preservation, and there is no Mortal, I think, but would free himself from Trouble, when it lies in his Power to accomplish it; besides, you were more able to bear the Strokes than I, being both feeble and tender: In this I have taught you that Wit, never to trust Friendship too far, before you have tried it, lest you repent your Credulity too late.

Well, Villain, said *Isgrim*, you may triumph over my Wife's Weakness, tho' it becomes you not, but do you remember, Varlet, how you serv'd me with the She Ape.

I remember, replied the Fox, she gave you due Correction for your Sawciness and Brutality; and, if you please, I will relate the Story before this noble Assembly.

With all my Heart, said *Isgrim*, if you will speak Truth.

Fear it not, said the Fox: And thus, my gracious Lord, it happen'd, As I was ranging the Woods, *Isgrim* found me, complaining of Hunger, asking me if I had any Thing to give him, or could set any Prey for him; for he is naturally lazy of himself, and will rather undergo the Hazard of starving, than labour, as other Creatures do for their Food: I told him, at that Time I could not, and so we travelled together in various Discourses, till we heard a great Ruffling in a Hole under a Tuft of Bushes, where I imagin'd there might be some Prey; thereupon desiring him to go in, by Reason of his great Strength, to seize it, but he strained Courtesy with me, saying, He was afraid lest Serpents should lurk there; but I being wise and subtle, might better avoid the Danger, and he would stay till I returned to give him an Account; so, to please him, I ventur'd,

and found there a monstrous She-Ape with her young, the ugliest that ever I beheld, the Place stunk abominably with their Piss and rotten Litter they lay on; yet being willing to pleasure him with Food, of which I saw great Store, I spoke her very fair, calling her Aunt, tho' indeed, none but *Rukenaw* of that Kind is my Aunt, saying, Much Joy to you, and fair Cousins, your Children; I should have visited you sooner, had I known of your Lying in.

Truly *Reynard*, replied she, I am sorry you find me no better provided; but to such as I have you are heartily welcome.

Then she set before me Venison, and other Provisions, on which I seemed heartily to feed, the better to please her, tho' indeed the Stench had much impaired my Appetite. Then said she, Nephew, I am glad you are come, being the worthiest and wisest Gentleman in the King's Dominions, that I may recommend the Care of my Children to you, to be trained up in vertuous and industrious Ways, that they may know how to live, and behave themselves in the World with Credit.

I told her I would do any thing for her, and the Good of my young Cousins at my next Visit, which should be very shortly; so being willing to be out of this noisom Place, I made my Compliment of Leave, but she forced upon me a Side of Venison to carry to my Wife, which, when I came out, I gave to the Wolf, who lay howling under a Tree for Meat; but that not half sufficing him, he ask'd if there were any more in the Place? I told him there was, and he might have it, if he could dissemble and give smooth Words. O, said he, let me alone for that; and so he greedily enter'd, yet he had not long been there, but I heard him howl most terribly, and soon after he came rushing out, with his Ears bloody, and his Skin torn in

many Parts; for, it seems, he had not only re-
 proached her with her own and her Young's Ugli-
 ness, but went to take away her Meat by Force,
 wherefore they all fed upon him, and used him as
 he deserv'd, for so ill timing his brutish Language,
 since he ought to know, according to the old Pro-
 verb, *That how deformed soever they be, each one*
esteems her own the fairest. This, my Lord, is the
 Truth of the Matter, and if he can deny it, let
 him speak.

The Wolf hearing this, fell into a great Rage,
 (for indeed he had been betray'd into that Place by
Reynard, saying, Thou Traytor, this, as all the rest
 thou hast alledged, is utterly false; and to justify
 it, and that thou art the basest of all Traytors, I
 will prove upon thy Body by Combate, according
 as the Laws direct; in Confirmation whereof, I
 throw down my Gage before the King, if thou
 darest take it up to answer me.

The Fox doubting his Strength, knew not what
 to think of it; yet considering the Wolf's Claws,
 since the last stripping, were not grown again, and
 contemning to let his Courage fall before so many
 of his Kindred; and that what he had said might
 thereupon be suspected, he recollected his Spirits,
 and starting up, said, Whosoever accused him as a
 Traytor, was a Liar to his Face, and he would
 prove it upon his Body by Arms, when, and where-
 soever he should be required to it. That do I, said
Isgrim. Then there, said the Fox, is my Gage to
 answer thee. These naturally exchanged, where
 deliver'd to the King, who allow'd the Combate
 to be the next Day, and took Sureties of them
 for the performing it.

Dame *Rukenaw* understanding this, came to the
 Fox, and drawing him aside, after she had com-
 mended his Courage, as a Grace to his Family,
 who had been valiant, doing many brave Exploits
 in

in Arms, at Home and Abroad, she proceeded to give him some Counsel as to this particular Affair, saying, Good Nephew, be attentive to my Advice, and then the Wolf shall not prevail against you.

Dear Aunt, replied *Reynard*, your Love and wise Counsels have always been so available to me, that I shall not forget the least of your Instructions, but, to the utmost, put in Practice whatsoever you desire. Then she proceeded in this manner:

You must, to make you the nimbler, and not to be laid hold on, have all your Hair shav'd off, except that on the Tail, which you shall reserve to offend your Enemy; then I will seek you over with an Ointment that shall harden your Skin, and yet make it so slick, that he can never lay hold of you.

This being done, *Reynard* look'd very airy and gay, and so he went to Bed, in great Hopes of attaining the Victory. Many other Advices she gave him, too tedious here to mention, and not much to the Purpose of the History; but one amongst the rest, was, That the next Morning he should drink stoutly, the better to expel any Fear; and to piss upon his Tail, and sprinkle it as he saw Occasion, thereby to blind the Wolf, and hinder his Pursuit. For this the Fox gave her infinite Thanks, and kept her Counsels in his Mind, as resolving to put them in Practice.

He slept little that Night for thinking of his next Day's Enterprize; but the Wolf slept soundly, as fancying himself assur'd of the Victory; by which we may see how Men are often disappointed of their Expectations. In the Morning his Kinsman the Otter came to him, and brought him a young Duck, saying, Take good Heart, and eat this to strengthen you, for great is your Undertaking,

and requires your utmost Strength and Policy to acquit yourself nobly.

I thank you for your present Advice, said the Fox, and so they breakfasted together.

M O R A L.

By the Wolf's Complaint, is shewed an insatiable Thirst of Revenge for Injuries done him. By the Fox's accepting the Challenge, denotes, that politick Men, tho' weak, are in Expectation to overcome the Strong, that are given up to unadvised Rashness. The She-Wolf's Misfortune, denotes Covetousness, brings Danger. The Fox's Escape that Way, Self-Preservation. And the She-Ape's Cave, that good Words are better than bad.



C H A P. VIII,

How the Fox entred into the Combate with the Wolf, and overcome him: And how thereupon he was advanced by the King to many Honours.



After this Refreshment, *Reynard* went, attended by a great Number of his Kinsfolks, to enter the Lifts, where the Wolf stood raving, and accusing him as a Traytor; and tho' he accepted the Challenge, he was so Guilty he durst not appear; but when they saw him marching very stately in that Trim, they stared on him; whereupon the King said, *Reynard*, I see you more regard your Safety than your fine Apparel. But he only made his Obeysance, and pass'd on; then entring the Lift, they were both sworn by the Libard, appointed Marechal of the Field, that their Causes were right and just; and every one, on Pain of Death, except the Combitants, to avoid the Lift: And now the King, Queen, and Nobles, having taken their Places, the Trumpets sounded the Signal to begin the Combate.

Upon

Upon this the Wolf came towards the Fox with open Mouth and extended Paws, as if he would immediately have devour'd him; but Reynard nimbly leap'd between his Legs, and when he turn'd again upon him, he pissed on his Tail, and dash't it in his Eyes, which so blinded him, that it hindred his Pursuit; and in the next Course he cast up the Sand with his Hind-feet, which sticking to the Urine, put him to more Pain, which whilst he was clearing, he sprung upon him, and with his Claws tore the Skin off his Eye-Brow down to the Middle of his Face, whereupon his Eye hung out, and Blood flow'd exceedingly; but this irrag'd Sir *Isgrim* the more, so that violently falling upon him, he crush'd him to the Ground, and whilst he labour'd to get from under him, he catch'd one of Reynard's Feet in his Mouth, whereupon he cry'd out, Now Traytor, thou art at my Mercy, confess thy Sins, and all the Injuries done to me, before thou diest, for now thy End is come.

The Fox finding himself in this piteous Plight, betook him to his Dissimulation, humbly beseeching Mercy, and for sparing his Life, himself, his Family, and whole Estate should be at his Service, to dispose of as he pleas'd; that he would freely confess his Guilt. and be at his Command to bring him Provisions at all Times; that he was sorry he had undertaken the Combate against him.

O thou base Dissembler, replied the Wolf, these fair Speeches are made only to escape from the Advantage I have over you, and then you would sing another Song to my Disgrace; but I have been too often deceiv'd, e're to trust you more; but will now take my Revenge at full, for the Injuries done to my Wife and myself, which cry aloud for Vengeance.

Reynard perceiving there was no Good to be done by Flattery, had by this Time bethought himself

himself of a Stratagem; and thereupon, putting down his other Foot, between the Wolf's Legs, he catch'd him fast hold by the Stones, and made him howl in a lamentable manner, so that the Fox had an Opportunity to free his other Foot, when leaping upon him, he dragg'd him about the List, as one half dead, biting and taring him in divers Places; so that his Friends beholding in what a sad Condition he was petition'd the King to cause the Combat to cease, and take it into his own Hands for the Decision; of which he accepted, as being unwilling to lose the Lives of any of his Subjects. Then the Marshal went to *Reynard*, and told him, The King would speak with him; and he must upon Pain of high Displeasure, desist from any further Violence towards the Wolf, for he would no doubt, decree him the Victory.

My Lord, said *Reynard*, whatever the King pleases to command, I yield ready Obedience to. All his Kindred came running to him, and proffer'd their humble Service; nay, happy was he that could be own'd by him, as knowing he was now on the rising Ground; tho' if he had lost the Victory, they for the most Part, would have disown'd him to be any of their Relation, for such is the Fashion of this World, ever to adore the Rising Sun; nay, many embrac'd him with dissembling Affection, and claim'd Kindred of him, who before were his Enemies; so much the Terror of this wrought in their Minds. And thus with a stately Train of about a hundred, or more, he presented himself before the King, falling on his Knees; but the King commanded him to rise up, saying, *Reynard*, you have Cause to rejoyce at this Victory you have obtain'd, contrary to our Expectation, in which you have won much Renown; therefore seeing Right and Justice declare on your Side, I acquit you of all Things laid to your Charge, by *Isgrim*,

or any other; and as soon as his Wounds be cur'd, he shall be try'd, if you so please.

Upon this the Fox replied, My Gracious Lord, I have no Malice against him, but him to me has brought him to deserved Punishment; yet, if your Majesty pleases, I can freely pardon him, and these my Enemies that stand about you, who sided with him when in great Favour with your Majesty, and could raise them to Promotion, but now they shrink from him, and are asham'd to own him; they are like the Kennel of Hounds, who waited for one bold Hound, who went into a Lord's Kitchen, to steal Provision; he came out, indeed, with a fair Rib of Beef, but the Cook running after him, threw scalding Water on him, that took off his Hair behind, which they at first, not espying, began to praise him for his Venterfomeness; but seeing how he had suffer'd, they slunk away from him, and would no more admit him into their Company, lest they should be served in like manner for partaking with him. These, in like manner have left the Wolf in his Extremity, whom I, tho' he is my cruellest Enemy, pity.

This dissembling of the Fox gain'd much Applause, so that he was immediately conducted to the Court, where a noble Feast was prepared for him, with Musick and Rejoycing, every one praising and extolling him for his fortunate Victory. So that now from the Depth of Misery, he was rising to his Pinacle of Honour, every one crowding to offer their Service to him. Then he was exalted on the King's Right Hand, who said, *Reynard*, I expect now you should stedfastly keep your Allegiance, and not let my Ears be fill'd with any more Complaints of you; then shall you always govern in this high Station, and I will be guided by your Wisdom; whilst, at my express Command, all the Beasts of the Forest bow as you pass by 'em;
and

and if any do you Injury, I will highly revenge it. So appoint you Chief Justice of all my Territories.

Reynard's Kindred as well as himself, upon hearing this, return'd the King Thanks, who told them, It was much short of what he intended to do for him; desiring them to admonish him, when they saw him forget himself as to be inclinable to go astray; which the She-Ape undertook to do for herself, and all the rest; saying, She, and all the rest, would renounce him, if he should fail in any Thing he had promis'd.

Then said the Fox, My most Gracious Lord, I am altogether unworthy of the Honours you have heaped on me; yet will I make it the whole Study and Business of my Life, in some Measure, to deserve them; my Counsel and Diligence shall never be wanting, either to Advise, or Counter-plot your Enemies. This said, upon Leave given, he departed with all his Kindred to *Malepardus*.

Whilst the Fox was led to the King, the Bear, Cat, and Dame *Arsewind*, removed the Wolf out of the Field, he being through Pain, in a deadly Swoon, and laying him on clean Litter, dressed his Wounds, and sent for Cordials that revived him; but he no sooner came to his Senses, and remembered what had happen'd, but he howl'd piteously, not so much for the Smart and Anguish he felt, tho' it was great, as for the Disgrace he had suffer'd; and that he saw his Friends, who flatter'd him in his prosperous Estate, had most of them forsaken him, and gone over to the Fox, as thinking with him to be in the warmer Sun. However, those few Friends that were about him, comforted him in the best manner, and carried him into his own House, putting him to Bed in a high Fever, occasion'd by his Wounds; of which he was no sooner recover'd, but, at the Fox's Instigation, he was banish'd into *Ireland*, with his Wife and Children, in which Country,

Country, he and his Generation, have ever since gone howling about the Bogs, Woods and Mountains, often scaring poor *Teague* out of his Senses.

Reynard, as I have said, being on his Way Homeward, with a numerous Train of his Kindred with a Promise speedy to return to Court, they petition'd for Places of Honour and Trust under him; to which, Courtier like, he made them a World of fair Promises, more than ever he perform'd: When he came in Sight of his Castle, he saw his Wife and Children standing at the Gate, who were overjoy'd at his Return, and hasten'd to meet him, embracing and welcoming him, and all his Friends: Then he told his Wife of his Success, and the King's Favour to him; how he was advanc'd to the Height of all his Honours, to raise up and pull down whom he pleas'd; commanding her instantly to prepare a sumptuous Banquet; which the She-Ape, and some others help'd her to do, the Task being too great for her alone.

In two Hours Time the Table was spread, with Fowl, Flesh, Fish, and Fruits of all Sorts; to which *Reynard* bid his Friends heartily welcome: So they feasted together all that Day, and lay there all Night; and the next Morning, *Reynard*, by the Power the King had given him, Knighted his two Sons, *Rossel* and *Reynardine*; and in Honour of their Advancement, prepar'd another stately Banquet, and then dismiss'd all those that came with him: And thus, being high advanc'd, he kept his Station in Spite of his Enemies, gathering great Wealth, and highly advancing his Children, living many Years in much Fame and Renown; in which I leave him, and conclude the Subject History of this Book, which, if well regarded, may not only prove pleasant, but very profitable to the Reader.

M O R A L.

The Wolf's Fury here, signifies a Man desperately bent on Revenge, so that his Rage makes him blind, and careless of his Safety, whereby he lies unguarded to his Enemies, who cunningly take Advantage over him; which had he stood upon better Consideration defended, they could not have done. The Fox using his Tail, shews that Policy often overcomes Strength. By the Wolf's catching him by the Foot, is noted, how many Men, not knowing how to make Use of their Advantage, overslip it to their Misfortune. By the Fox's Advancement, we see Power comes swiftly when least expected. And by the Beasts siding with him, shews us, that Fear, or Hopes of Riches, will bring over even our Enemies to our Side; yet ought we not to rely on such, longer than our Prosperity lasts. By the Wolf's being left by all but a few, signifies, that none but Relations, or near Friends, who have a Feeling in our Sufferings, will stand by us in the Storms of Adversity. From the Beasts Submission and Earnestness to make Peace with the Fox, we learn, that tho' our siding with a miserable Party, or Cause, be never so Just, it is better to forego it, and endeavour a Reconciliation, when we have to do with a powerful Adversary.

The END of the First P A R T.

THE

THE HISTORY of Reynardine.

THE SECOND PART.

CHAP. I.

How Reynard sending his Son away with his Riches to hide them, was himself taken and executed for his Treasons. How the Riches were lo., Rossel slain, with the Combat between the Boar, Panther, and Tyger, about the Spoil, &c.



PREYNARD the FOX, notwithstanding the late Honours conferr'd on him by the King, having private Intelligence, by Means of the Brock, that the Cheats and Fallacies he had put upon the Royal Lion, were discovered, he proclaimed a Traytor, and great Pre-

Reynardine the FOX. 83

Preparations made to apprehend him; doubting his Safety in his Castle of *alepardus*, and being grown aged, and unfit for Travel, called to him *Reynardine* and *Rossel*, his two Sons, to whom he communicated the State of his Affairs, bidding them take *Laprel* the Coney with them for a Guide, and carry his Treasure with them into the Forest of *Longwood*, and there hide it in the Cave, *Laprel* would shew them, and remain there to expect the Event of his Fortune, and to prevent a Discovery, they should kill the Cony as soon as the Treasure was Safely stow'd: So delivering to them his Riches, and sending some Servants with them, to carry it to the Confines of the Forest, the Sun was no sooner set, but they departed with Tears, which presaged they should never see each other more.

Reynard's two Sons had no sooner left him, but his Castle was besieged by the Command of the Lion, and all his Starting holes so narrowly guarded, that attempting to make his Escape, he was caught by Sir *Bruin* the Bear, his mortal Enemy, and dragg'd to the Court, where the Lion giving free License to all that would, to bring their Accusations against him, such great Numbers, whom he had injur'd appear'd, and their Complaints were so grievous, and apparently proved, that the Savage King, without giving Leave to make his Defence, as he had formerly done, left his Flatteries should again make him relent to pardon him, order'd him immediately to be hang'd; appointing the Wolf his Executioner. And thus ended *Reynard* the Fox, after all his Cunning and Policies, his Days by an untimely Death; which shews, however Men may flatter themselves, there is no State, how great soever, or cunningly supported, certain upon Earth.

Now

Now whilst these things passed, *Reynard's* Sons had sent away the Servants, and lodged their Treasure only with the Help of *Laprel* the Cony, that no more knowing where they had reposed it, might, as they conceived, be the more assuredly safe; the which when they had done, the Cony for his Service demanded his Reward; but instead of a Recompence, met with Death, for, surprisingly picking a Quarrel with him, on the Account of his mistrusting their Bounty, they fell upon him, slew him, and threw his dead Body out of the Cave, thinking themselves now secure, though it soon proved otherwise; for having notice of their Father's Death, and that they were prescribed and banished on Pain of Death never to return to their own Country, fearing least some of the Servants, who had brought the Treasure to the Confines of the Forest, might give notice of it, they resolved to remove it to another Forrest, and there to divide it into two Parcels, and live retired till they could dispose of it to their greater Advantages, in buying honourable Places, or in purchasing their Peace, and Freedom of returning Home: But as they were doing this, *Corbant* the Rook, whose Wife *Dame Sharpbeak*, *Reynard* their Father had slain, allured by the Scent of the dead Cony, came flying thither, unseen to them, whither they carried the Treasure; and then, taking Wing, flew up and down the neighbouring Forests till he found out *Bruin* the Bear, *Truculem* the Tyger, and *Versute* the Panther, preparing early in the Morning to go a Hunting to these; with much Joy, he revealed what he had seen, promising them for a tenth Part of the Riches, to shew them the Place where it was lodged.

To this they easily and joyful consented, desiring instantly to be conducted thither; *Corbant* delayed not to do it, and by that time they arrived there

there, the Sun was setting, when having pointed to the Places, by flying with his Beak against them, the Bear immediately enter'd *Reynardine's* Cave, which he perceiving, and finding not only his Riches, but that also his Life would become a Prey to that mortal and implacably Enemy bolted thro' a Retreating Hole, and fled with all Speed possible for his Safety.

The Bear having seiz'd and brought forth the Treasure here, he proceeded to *Rossel's* Cave; who upon the Bear's entering, being of a fiery Temper, and much less Cunning than his Brother, resolved to defend his Treasure, or lose his Life; so flying at Sir *Bruin* with his sharp Teeth, he caught him fast by the Nose, and bit him so grievously, that he roared out terribly; whereat the Tyger came rushing in, and immediately slew poor *Rossel*, throwing his dead Body out of the Cave, and removing all the Treasure to a distant Forest, where they fell to sharing it by Lots, till a rich Crown, exceeding bright, set with Jewels, appearing amongst the Spoils, every one coveting to have it, and not agreeing, the Contest grew so hot, that a bloody Combat ensued, with wild Uproar and Noise, so that *Noble*, the Lion Prince, Son to the King, being abroad with his Guard taking the Air in the Forest, hearing it, made thither, and soon, by his Presence and Commands, parted the Bray; then being informed of the Cause of their Difference, he told them, he would end the Cause of their Strife: and so taking up the Crown, set it on his own Head, none daring to contradict it; tho' they flattered him, in hopes to have it again with the present of a large Gold Chain, but it proved ineffectual, for he carried the Crown to the Court, and there presented it to his Father, as will more fully hereafter appear.

M O R A L

By Reynard's being taken at last and executed, it appears that though evil Men may escape for a time, Mischief will certainly overtake them in the End. The loss of the Treasure, signifies, ill got Gains prosper not. For the Bear, &c. falling out in dividing the Spoil, and the Lion taking the Crown, shews Covetousness and Ambition will in the End most certainly bring both Sorrow and Strife.

C H A P. II.

How Reynardine, in his Travels, met the Brock, and what Counsel he gave him. How the Lion upon seeing the Crown, presaged the Ruin of his Family, which fell out. How the Fox entered into Religious Orders, had a hard Penance ordered him for Thieving, which made him run away. How he preached to a Flock of Geese.



Reynardine, as is said, having escaped with Life, though he lost his Treasure, flying by many obscure Ways, coming into the Kingdom of Zapia

Reynardine the FOX. 87

Zapla, there met with his Cousin *Grimbard* the Brock, whom he saluted, and making himself known to him, told him of the Loss, and the Danger he had escaped; desiring to advise him how he might be safe for the future.

To this the Brock replied, Dear Cousin, you ask a proper Question; for this Country being open and full of People, who take great Pleasure in Hunting, and destroying us poor Beasts, it will be proper I shew you the Holes under Ground, that you may escape upon any Pursuit, or else your Life will be always in danger. Nay then, said the Fox, I wish I had not come into this Country, but still remain'd amongst Woods and Forests, Places of surest Retreat: but being here, I now submit to be advised and guided by you in all things.

Hereupon the Brock shewed him many Skulking Holes, and Places of Retreat; yet *Reynardine* hearing the Cries of Hounds, and Shouts of Hunters from many Places began to tremble, and seemed, not to like them as sufficient Refuges in time of Danger; and therefore desired his Kinsman to think of some other Way for his continuing in Safety. Truly, replied the Brock, I know none, unless you will enter into Religious Orders; there you may live fat and plentifully among the Monks and Friars, if you can endure the Austerity of their Lives. Alas, says the Fox, that I willingly undertake, rather than be every Moment in Jeopardy of Life.

Upon this the Brock procured him a Pilgrim's Weed, to pass the better undiscover'd, and bid him follow him to the Abby of *Manton*, where he would interceed with the Prior to receive him; where I must leave them on their Way and follow the young Lion to the Court.

The young Lion having carried the Crown with him, as is said, he presented it to his Father

ther, who looking wishfully on it, groaned within himself, as calling to mind a Prophecy, that when that Crown should be found and presented him, the Day of Death drew near, and soon after it his Posterity should utterly fail from the Kingdom; wherefore he willed him to take it from his Sight, and lock it up in a secret Place, where none might ever see it, or come to wear it: This the Prince obeyed. and soon after his Father died, and he succeeded, as his eldest Son, King of Beasts; but his Brother *Haughty*, conspiring with the Bear, Tyger, and Panther, slew him, and soon after was slain himself, and so ended that Race, as their Father had predicted.

During these Transactions, *Reynardine* was come to the Monastery of *Manton*, and there taking Leave of Brock, went to crave Admittance, and made his Apology so well to the Prior, that he was kindly received, and admitted to enter on his Profession wherein he behaved himself so modestly, and so religiously Devout, that the Prior highly approved of him, and placed him under the Cook, to serve in the Kitchen, at which he greatly rejoiced, as knowing here he should stuff his Gut well; but so many things were pilfered and stole, that he accusing others, was himself accused, who was, indeed, the Thief; yet he bore it out stoutly, till one Day he was caught by the Prior, who watch'd through a private Peep-hole, going off with a whole Carp in his Sleeve, yet upon his Submission, his Penance was allotted to Fast two Days, and to live in a lonesome Cell, without the Gates of the Monastery.

This hard Usage so angered the Fox, that soon after he gave them the Slip with his Religious Habit; but having travelled far, and growing very
bit,

hungry, at last he espied a Flock of Geese in a Pond, where he could not come at them without fear of drowning, and therefore to decoy them on Land, in a demure Manner, begins to Preach to them; the silly Geese seeing him in that Habit, and, to appearance, so devoutly penitent, had no Mistrust of him, left the Water, and came foolishly gagling round about him, desiring to see his Book, that they might say an *Ave Maria*, which he willingly shewed them; but whilst they were poring on it, at two Snaps he bit off two of their Heads, which so affrighted the other, that they run screaming into the Pond again, and kept themselves in the Deep, till they saw him greedily gorge his Paunch on their Fellows Carcases.

Well knowing now he should be pursued, as indeed he was, by the Monk and Owners of the Geese, he left that Province, and returned again to *Zalap*: there he fell to shriving a Parcel of Ferrets, for which they were to steal him a Nest of Rabbits; after that an Ass, for a Bundle of Straw: but the former were caught by the Warriner, and condemn'd to perpetual Imprisonment; and the latter soundly drubbed by the Owner of the Straw upon his entring the Barn to fetch it; whilst the Fox laughed heartily, to see what Fools he had made them, and into what Danger they were brought; and after having shriven many others, and got Store of Food from them, in Promise of Indulgencies upon his Return from the in Pope. Now as he travell'd he met the Brock, whom he very kindly saluted, telling him, all his Adventures, and what had befallen him from their Parting, and great was the Rejoycing between them; when travelling onwards, they came to the Palace of Sir *Firelapel* the Libard, who lying sick, and having

ing Notice by his Servant, that a Priest approach-
ed, desir'd he might come and confess him; when
in Confession, he declared he had been chiefly in-
strumental in bringing *Reynard* the Fox, to the
Gallows; this *Reynardine* stomached exceedingly,
but concealed himself and his Resentments to a
fitter Opportunity, which wrought the *Libard's*
Destruction.

Going from hence one Evening, intending to
rob a Farmer's Barn of a fat Pullet, the Train of
his Gown was caught in a Trap, and upon the
Alarm it gave, he was forced to leave it behind
him, and flie for his Life, which put an End to
the Fox's Priesthood; who, by that borrowed
Shape, and seeming Sanctity, had deluded many
silly Beasts.

M O R A L.

*The Lion's Presage of Destruction to his Family on
Sight of the Crown, signifies, we ought even to shun
the Sight of Things that threaten Danger, and may
prove fatal to us. The Fox's taking on him a Reli-
gious Life, and his Proceedings therein, shews how
crafty Men, under such Pretences, delude the Ignorant.
His losing his Gown, signifies, such Deceivers are at
last laid open, and fall into Disgrace and Contempt.*

*No leaves are wanting
here although the pagination
is skipped. See the Chapters
& Signatures.*

C H A

C H A P. III.

How the Fox flying, almost starved, by a Stratagem cheats the Wolf of his Prey, then flies; and, by the Advice of the Ape, turning Physician. poysons Sir Firelapel the Labard, to revenge his Father's Death; the Ape is hang'd, but he flies; and, in Disguise, endeavours by the Means of Grimlook the Mastiff, to enter the Monastery of Manton, but is discover'd by Brindle,



THE Fox had no sooner left his Religious Habit, but he became despised and persecuted by those that had ador'd him in that Disguise; so that wanting the fair Morsels they were wont to supply him withal, he grew in great Distress and Poverty, much bewailing the loss of his Gown, which had he kept, would have been an Estate to him; for under that he deceived whom he list, but now he was despised by all, and threaten'd with Death, though he alledged he was their very Priest, but that his Gown was stoln from him while he laid it aside to Fast and Pray: But finding

ing this not believed, and fearing in a Mutiny, to lose his Life, he gave those that watched him the slip, and wandred a long time, starved almost in the Woods; when ranging one Morning, he espied, from a Hill, *Isgrim* the Wolf, who had just killed a Pig; the Fox knowing the Enimty between him and his Father, stood long musing, whether he should dare to go to him or not, and beg a supply; at last Necessity urged him, rather to hazard, than certainly die by straving; and so in a most humble Manner, though under a crafty Guise, approached Sir *Isgrim*, and in a fair Tone, said, Dear Cousin, can you tell me where a Leech lives, that I may go to him for Physick? Cousin me, no Cousins, replied the Wolf sternly, I am no Kin to you, but scorn you and all your treacherous Race; however, I'll venture so much Kindness towards you, to ask you what you ail.

Alas, said the Fox, meeting with a delicious Booty, I have eaten so much, that I am even ready to burst. What delicious Booty was it? said the Wolf; I have been hunting all this barren Country o're and could find nothing, but what I ventured my Life for, in leaping a Styre for this poor Pig, fighting first the sharp twang'd Sow, and, e're I could bear it off, the Farmer's Men, alarm'd by her Cries, fell on me, in my flight, and almost broke my Bones; and you well know, could I have got any thing else, I would not have ventured so for Swine's Flesh, which I least of all esteem.

Truly reply'd *Reynardine*, the Prey that I found were a couple of fat Lambs, whether dropped by chance out of some Cart that were carrying them to Market, or that they had strayed thither I know not; but sure I am, I took them napping, and slew them both, then dragging them into a dry Ditch, under a Quickset-hedge, I so gorged myself with Blood, and some of their Intrails, that

that I am surfeited. Ah, said the Wolf smiling, Fasting and Danger of being killed by a Physician. But Cousin, said he, very lovingly embracing him, seeing you can eat no more of this Prey, before it may be tainted and spoiled, if you would be so kind as to direct me to it, you will bind me to you for ever, and make me forget all the Wrongs your Father has done me, for there is nothing in the World that I like better than Lamb.

The Fox finding he had work'd his Ends, directed him to the Place, with all the Marks and Tokens, where he should find this imaginary Prey, about a League distant; the credulous Wolf, not scrupling the Truth of it, left his Pig half eaten, the Fox feigning to sleep till his Return, and posts to the Place; in the mean while *Reynardine* filled his hungry Belly, and then posted away with speed, crossing many ways, to avoid the Fury of the Wolf, who, having in vain sought for the supposed *Lambs* returned in great Fury to take Revenge on the Fox for deluding of him, and finding he had devoured the Prey he left behind him, he howled out many grievous Curses against him; but searching in all Places of the neighbouring Forest could not find him; for *Reynardine* fearing the Event, had earthed himself.

The Fox having staid in his Hole till it was dark, knowing the Wolf was then gone to rest, crept out and posted with all speed to the Province of *Ferraria*, there early in the Morning, he met *Grimbard* the Brock. and related to him all that had passed, since they parted last, desiring his Counsel to help him to some business whereby he might sustain himself; but thinking of none, he recommended him to Dame *Arswind* the She ape, who lived in a Cell near adjoining; she immediately persuaded him to turn Physician, since Dr. *Sim-*

pleton. the *As*s, had taken up that Profession and got great Gains by it ; And so, habiting himself accordingly, he throve mightily upon it, which made *Simpleton* repine ; but the *Fox*, being much the cunninger, encreased in Fame, so that Sir *Fir-lapel* heard of it, and sent for him ; but the malicious *Fox*, remembring his Father's Death, having got a great Reward, gave him so great a Dose of Opium, that it made him sleep his last ; but soon after the Ape and he falling out about parting the Money she left him, and discovered the Murther, but not being able to prove it, yet confessing herself accessory to it, she was hang'd. Then *Reynardine* chose *Tybert* the Cat for his Associate, and got great Gains by it ; so that *Simpleton* the *As*s, finding himself desparaged by this new Doctor who pretended he came out of a far Country, and his Trade falling off, in dispair hanged himself, at which the *Fox* laughed heartily, as now having all in his own Hands, so that he got great Gains ; but being at last discovered not to be Doctor *Pedanto*, as he gave out he was, but *Reynardine* the *Fox*, being in the midst of all his Pride and Success, looked on as an Impostor and Cheat, Notice was given of it to the King, so that he was proclaimed a Traytor, for now the Murther of Sir *Fir-lapel* appeared against him ; and in flying to *Manton*. he was, by the way, set upon, robbed of all his Treasure, becoming again very Poor, so that to free himself from the Danger that threatned, he procured a Mountbank to cut off his Ears and Tail, so that being altogether disguised, he hoped to get into the Monastery again, from whence you have heard he fled.

Coming near to the Monastery, he met *Grimlook* the Mastiff, whom he knew to have been Porter of the Gate when he left the Place ; him he salutes and entreats to do him the kindness to speak to the

Prior

Prior and Senior Monks, that he might be admitted; to this *Grimlook* told him, he could not, for he was out of his Place, but he would recommend him to his Cousin *Brindle*, who was then Porter. This he did, but though *Reynardine* had changed his Name to *Shifter*, *Brindle* knew him, though he said nothing, and promised to do what had been proposed, but fearing at last it was a Plot between *Grimlook* and the Fox, to work him out of his place, he discovered all to the Prior, who not only refused *Reynardine*'s Armittance, but for ever banished *Grimlook* for having any Entrance into the Monastery, which before he had, by a private Hole, which on this Occasion was stopped up.

M O R A L.

The Fox's being despised upon the Loss of his Religious Habit, shews, that Hypocrites and Dissemblers when found out, are hated, though never so much praised before. His cheating the Wolf, shews, that Policy, in many Cases, is more advantageous than Strength. His turning Physician, denotes, how easily People are to be deluded by fair Pretences.



C H A P. IV.

How the Fox is, in the Habit of a Stranger, entertained by Lord Versute the Panther, and by what Means he poisoned him, to revenge his Brother's Death; and then, for the dissembling Sorrow he expressed, the King made him one of his Purveyors. How, lest he should be discovered, he made away the Brock, the Cat, and Grimlook the Mastiff. How he is known by Brindle, and accused to the King, &c.



*R*eynardine now again put to his Shifts, gets privately into the Forest of *Ferraria*, and putting on a Cast Habit he found there, went to the Palace of the Lord *Versute* the Panther, and, by many fair Words, got to be entertained in his Service, pretending he was a Stranger well born, but travelling, had been robbed of all his Wealth; telling him many strange Stories of his Travels, partly True, and partly False, too tedious here to be recited; and here the better to disguise himself,

he

he went by the Name of *Crabron*, and so insinuated into the Panther's Favour, that his chief Servant, who waited on him, being called to serve the King in a very eminent Station, he was preferred to that Place, using great Diligence to please his Lord, though Revenge was his Aim, for the Death of his Brother *Rosfel*, and the Loss of his Father's Treasure, which, as you have heard, the Panther was mainly instrumental in : Nor was it long e're an Opportunity was put into his Hands, to execute his Designs ; for the Panther falling grievous Sick, Dr *Affino*, Brother to *Simpleton*, the Ass, was sent for, who had supplied his Brother's Place, and was no wiser than himself. This Ass-Doctor gave his Patient many Potions, but to little Purpose ; for the Panther being grievously surfeited, by devouring a Stag he had run down, and withal his Body very foul, his Stomach was sorely afflicted and tormented ; *Affino* not now knowing what further to do to give him Ease, or any Ways to relieve him. The Fox understanding this was exceeding joyful, and coming into the Presence of the Panther, while the Ass-Doctor was gone to take Care of the Medicines, least any should play some evil Trick in his Absence. But the Fox's Design being Mischiefe, and Destruction, he in the Night-time, infused a deadly Bane into it, which, upon taking, soon killed the Panther, who died in great Torment ; and though they were both of them vehemently suspected, yet according to the common Rule of pretending ignorant Quacks, they strongly alledged, That the Panther being old, his Time was come, which had it not a Medicine so excellently prepared, had wrought his Recovery ; using many Allegations to prove it by the Rules of Physick and Nature. And the Fox, the better to excuse himself, lamented his Death extremely, to Appearance, often going to the Grave, and there shedding feign-

ed Tears, so that at length he was not only concluded Innocent, but much commended for the great Love they supposed he bore his deceased Lord; and the King hearing of it, sent for him to Court, and made him his Purveyor.

The Fox thus raised, begins to fear every one that had formerly known him in Disguise, lest they should betray him, and therefore resolved, as fast as he could to make them away, that they should tell no Tales: His first Project was to betray the Cat to a Place, where, in Hopes of Mice, she was strangled in a Snare, and when Dead, the Fox buried her privately, that the Thing might not be known, nor inquired into. *Grimlook* the Mastiff, who knew him, as having discovered himself to him in Hopes of getting into the Monastery, was the next whose Life he aimed at, and thus he contrived his Death, having found a deep Well in the Forest, with much Water in it, he laid Reeds and rotten Sticks across it, and upon them Earth, and then green Grass and Leaves, as a Carpet; thither he conveyed Marrow-Bones, and one, above the rest, with much Flesh on it, and invited *Grimlook* to Dinner; who overjoyed at the Opportunity, as being out of Place, and very hungry, accepted the supposed kind Offer, and being led by *Reynardine* to the Place, he had no sooner leaped on it with all his Weight, as greedy to catch the Prey, but down sunk he and the Banquet together into the Well; where, howling for Help in vain, the Fox tumbled great Stones upon him, and drowned him; then covering the Place, returned to Court, rejoicing, as now supposing he was rid of all those that could any ways impeach him, or bring him into Danger; but whilst he was hugging himself in this good Luck, *Brindle* for Theft, being expelled the Monastery at *Manton*, came into the Forest to seek his Living, and finding the Fox high in Fa-
vour,

your, would have scraped Acquaintance with him; but he utterly denied ever to have known him; which so incensed *Brindle*, that he resolved to discover his true Name to the King, and accordingly did, with all the Circumstances, how he had caused himself to be disguised, and came to the Monastery of *Manton*, and how he was known there, and denied Admittance. Upon this *Crabron*, the disguised *Reynardine*, was sent for, and charged by the King, on the Words of *Brindle*, as a Traytor; but he stoutly denied all, alledging, That it was Malice in the Mastiff, because he had not preferred him, according to his Desire. This so enraged *Brindle*, that without considering he was in the Presence of the King, he fell upon the Fox, and had killed him, had he not been taken off.

For this Insolence he was committed to Prison, during his being there, the Fox devised to make him away, and habiting himself like a Lord's Servitor, he brought him Food, as from his Lord, which the Mastiff, without Suspicion, eating, soon died; with all the Symptons of Poison, but none yet knew who did it.

M O R A L.

The Fox's entering into the Panther's Service, and poisoning him, denotes a revengeful Person; who, under the greatest Shew of Friendship, hides his Malice till he can execute his Vengeance. His betraying Grimlook, and poisoning Brindle, denotes, that when we suspect our Guilt will be discovered, base Means are used to prevent it.

CHAP. V.

The Fox was again question'd, found Guilty, and condemned; but reprieved upon Promise to discover a vast Treasure: How the Lurcher is sent with him to fetch it, but the Fox gives him the Slip, and flies again to Zalap.



THE Fox, by this Time, well knowing that Brindle was dead, appeared early in the King's Presence, and desired, that now what he had to say, in Excuse of his Yesterdays Accusation, might be heard: The King told him it should, when the Witness appeared, who was immediately sent for; but, instead of bringing him, the Jailer came to excuse his Death; saying, he was poisoned, and that he verily believed, by all Circumstances, he had been the Occasion of it himself: For, says he, I offered him Food Yesterday, but he would eat none, raving at a strange Rate, till a Stranger came, whom I suppose was his Confederate in the Mischief, and from him he took Food and eat it greedily.

The

The King hearing this strange Story, was much perplexed, and shrewdly suspected his Servant *Crabron* had a Hand in it, but having no Proof, he held his Peace for a Time.

The Fox now supposing he was safe, all being destroyed that could accuse, or discover him, in the Midst of all his Jollity, was dashed by the Arrival of *Lightfoot* the Greyhound, who had lived in the Monastery of *Manton*; of him the King enquired, Whether he ever knew one *Reynardine*, that had been an Officient in the Monastery? To this he replied, He had, indeed, heard of such a one's being there, and of the Pranks he had plaid; which agreeing with what *Brindle* had said, increased the King's Suspicion, especially when confirmed by *Quickscent* the Lurcher, that came from the same Monastery; so, that whatever Excuses *Crabron*, or the disguised *Reynardine* could make, the King's Anger increasing, he resolved to extort a true Confession out of him, which he seemed to decline, by racking him. *Crabron* hearing this Decree, begged heartily to have it excused, and greatly urged his Innocency; but could not prevail, for the King's Suspicion more and more increasing, he ordered four strong Beasts to take him up, and draw his Limbs divers Ways, and not to leave off till he plainly confessed the Truth.

This Punishment being immediately put in Execution, *Crabron* crying out very grievously, as if he had been torn in sunder, though, to say the Truth, he was little hurt, yet his Tormentors not leaving off, thinking he should at last be killed in Earnest, with a mournful Voice he begged to be delivered out of their Hands, and he would freely confess all. This being ordered, he, instead of performing it, proceeded only to excuse himself of not knowing his Accusers, or ever being in the Country where the Monastery stood; which much enraged the

King, but for that Time he thought it sufficient to commit him to a strong Ward in Prison, and on the Morrow cause him to be racked again, till he clearly confessed the Truth of the Matter.

Upon this the Fox was carried off, grievously complaining he should die with the Anguish of his Tortures, for his Limbs were all disjointed, but this served only as a Pretence to make his Guards the more careless of him, that he might the better make his Escape, which accordingly he did; for being lodged in the Ground-Room of the Prison, and strongly locked and bolted in, whilst his Jailers slept, he dug a Hole under the Foundation of the Wall, and creeping through it, fled; but they for their Drowsiness paid very dear, the incensed King causing them, the next Day, to be executed as Traytors, for conspiring with *Crabron*, and furthering his Escape to plot new Treasons against his Royal Crown and Dignity; all they could alledge not availing them

The Fox having escaped thus luckily, travelled all-Night, till he came into the Forest of *Pitwoods* where Sir *Chanticleer* the Cock, with his numerous Progeny, held his Residence, of whom he made a grievous Spoil, till at last, the old Cock suspecting who he was, hasted to young Sir *Firelapel*, and made him acquainted with his Thoughts, this young Gallant knowing the King's Proclamation was out against the Fox, with Promise of a great Reward and Preferment to those that should apprehend him, acquainted the King with it, and undertook to seize him, and bring him to Court with him; yet *Quick-scent* following his Footing, after a tedious Race, run him down and took him; at this the Libard grinned, knowing his Honour was eclipsed thereby, therefore he took the Fox by Force from the Lurcher, and made him his Prisoner; but the Bear, Wolf and Henna envying him that Advan-

tage,

age, fell upon him to take the Prisoner from him ; but the two last of these he slew, and put the first, sore wounded to flight ; in the Mean while the Fox had escaped, had not the Lurcher had a watchful Eye over him, and taken him on fresh pursuit. Then was he brought to Court, where the King upbraided him with his Father's and his own Treacheries, and ordered him immediately to the Gallows, placing a Writing on his Head of his several Names he had gone by to deceive and betray the Beasts of the Forest.

When he was ascended the Ladder, he made a free Confession of all the Crimes he had committed, except the Murthers, which he laboured to excuse ; and then insinuated himself with the King, in expectation of Pardon ; he made a long feigned Story of an infinite Mass of Treasure not yet discovered, giving a large Catalogue of Jewels, Rings, Gold Chains and Money ; then seemingly offered himself to Death, without telling the place where they lay : To this the King began to hearken attentively, yet doubting it was a dissembling to save his Life ; yet Covetousness prompting him eagerly to thirst after so great Riches, he upon *Crabron's* solemn Oath that all was true, caused him to be taken from the Gallows and returned to Prison, till he had considered the Matter, whether it might be true or not ; and demanding if it could not be taken up without him, he being kept as a Pledge for the Certainty of its being there : No replied the Fox, for it was secured by one *Adriman* an Inchanter, who is now dead, and the Spell is so strong, that without it be dissolved by Sacrifices, which I must offer, it cannot be taken up.

The King hearing him name *Adriman*, and that he was dead, resolved for a better Confirmation of the Truth of the whole Matter, to know whether

ther there was such a Person, and thereupon sent with Speed to enquire, which proving so, and that he was dead, made him the easier credit the rest; then calling the Lurcher, he commanded him to go with the Fox and see the Treasure, but be sure to watch him narrowly, lest he gave him the Slip; This he undertook, and so away they traveled, early in the Forest of *Longwood*, and the Fox pretending to be near the place, made a Circle, and prepared his Sacrifices, which were to be offered up unto *Fortune, Venus, Mercury* and *Pluto*, five several Days in five several Circles; but on the first Day Lurcher being tired out by walking so long to watch the Fox, who himself slept soundly a Nights, could hold up no longer, but falling asleep, the Fox took the Advantage he had looked for, and secretly stole away; which when the Lurcher, starting from his sleep, found, he hunted and beat the Forest about, but all in vain, for *Reynardine*, was got beyond his Reach; so that after a tedious and fruitless Search, with Fear, Shame and Anger he return'd again to the Court at *Sanden*.

M O R A L.

By the Fox's feigning hidden Treasure, denotes, crafty Men by Policy, 'scape Danger, when Strength fails them. The Lion giving Credit to it, and saving his Life, denotes Covetousness over-ballances Justice, and corrupts the Judge. By the Fox's pretending to Sacrifices, shews that Religion, as a Cloak, is often pretended to, to cover intended Frauds, and notorious Villanies, &c.

C H A P. VI.

How the Lurcher's returning without the Fox, angers the King, and causes him to put out his Proclamation apprehending him. How many Beasts went in Search of him, and the Mischief that befel them by the Means of the Brock Here the Fox is taken by the Ass and escapes leaving him in Slavery, and what after befel on that Account. In what manner the Fox lived till he was again taken by the Lurcher.



THE King finding himself thus deluded by the Fox, was exceeding angry, blaming much the Lurcher but more himself for crediting so cunning a Dessembler; yet resolving to be revenged, he put out his Proclamation, encouraging the Pursuit of him with promised Regard of Honours; so that a Number of Beasts hastened to the Kingdom of Zalap, whither they suspected him to be gone; each posting several ways to outstrip

strip each other, as fearful, by coming too late, to lose this Honour; and with them went the Brock, the Fox's Friend, to give him private notice of the Dangers if he might find him out without any others knowing it; and indeed he had the Luck to do it, as knowing well what kind of places he usually lurked in such eminent Time of Danger, and gave him notice of all that passed, and what Beasts were come out in Search of him; as the Tyger, the Boar, the Horse, Goat, Bull, Camel, *Witlefs* the Afs, Brother to the Afs-Doctor, and many others.

To this *Reynardine*, for so now I must call him again, replied, I fear not all these dear Cousin, so much as I do *Quickscint* the Lurcher, if he be notwith them to scent me out, I am safe enough. Indeed, said the Brock, I had forgot him, he is here; but I'll quickly send him upon a false Rumour, I'll raise a great way off, that he may not get the Scent of you, when you are disposed to travel abroad; and so contrive it with the rest, that most of them shall repent their coming in search of you.

The Fox hereupon heartily thanked him, and brought out a young Pheasant he had newly taken, on which they supped and were merry, and a little before Day they Brock left him, and laboured to draw the Beasts far from his Hole, and by crafty Devices, sent them to such Places to search, that they either fell into Snares, Slavery, or were many of them slain by the Country People.

However, the Fox hearing more were coming and being scanty of Provision, went to the Palace of *Squire Carless*, and entertained himself a Servant to him, upon Condition he might have but Liberty to walk about the House, and not be chained as many of his Kindred were.

This

This being agreed on, having made Friendship with the Mastiffs of the Place, he lived in great Plenty for a time; but one Day as he lay basking in the Sun in the Court-yard asleep, the Dogs being likewise asleep in their Kennel, after full Bel- lies, *Witlefs* the Ass coming by, and peeping over the Wicket, espied the Fox; then setting his Arse against it, he forced it open, entring, surprized the sleeping Fox; running away with him, in great hast, in his Mouth, unseen of any Body: The Fox finding himself thus tricked by the Ass, began gently to flatter and intreat him, saying he was exceeding glad, since it must be, that he was fallen into the Hands of so courteous and generous a Person, to whom, when he first heard the Proclamation, he would willingly have surrendered himself: could he have conveniently found him, praising his Understanding and prudent Conduct to the Skies; so that the Ass thinking all real, protested he was sorry now he had taken him, and would let him go, were it not that he expected to be made a Lord for taking him; which Honour he had long time extreemly coveted, that he might out-brave his Kinsman the Doctor, who, being rich, looked shie, and scorned him for his Poverty. The Fox heartily thanked him for his good meaning towards him desiring to know how they should do to shift for Provision in their way to the Court, considering it would take them up eight Days. As for me, said the Ass every Lane will afford Thistles and Boughs; but for you, who are wont to live on Flesh, I know not how you will fare, unless you make Provision to carry with you. That I have done, said the Fox, for about a Mile in our Way, I have a Store house, where I have laid up Provisions against any time of Necessity that might fall out; and if you will be pleased to carry so much, it is needful for me, your will exceedingly oblig

oblige me. Yes, said the Afs, with a very good Will; come, let us hasten our Journey, and will I do you all the Service I can; nor would I have been Instrumental in this your Misfortune, had it not been in hopes to have been a Lord. Upon this they set forward, discoursing together on the Way of divers Matters, till walking by a Park-side with high Pails, the Fox espied a convenient Hole; then said he, glad of the Opportunity. In this Place is my Provision, I have it in a Wallet, stay you here and I will fetch it instantly. The Afs was loath to trust him at such a Disadvantage; but before he could reply, the Fox nimbly whipped in, and then it was to no Purpose to argue.

However the Afs in expectation of his Return, which he intended not, stood waiting, resting his Nose on the Top of the Pails, which was as much as he could reach when he stood on his Hind-feet, so that it was impossible for him to leap over: now the Mean while the Fox hasted to the Wood-man, that was lopping in the neighbouring Forest, saying, Sir Woodman, I bring you the rarest News you can wish for. What is that? says the Woodman, Why, replied he, yonder is a strange wild Afs without an Owner, fat, lusty, and of a large Size, that will, if you take him do you great Service in carrying Wood, or other Burthens, much to the Ease of your own Labour. Where is he? said the Wood-man. Let me but see him, and I'll halter him, I'll warrant you, and soon make him tame: And for your Kindness in shewing me him whenever you chance to be hunted, make into this Forest, and I will do my Endeavour to secure you from the Fury of the Hounds.

The Fox thanked him immediately, led him to the Place where the Afs stood Braying, or in Asses Language, calling out, Sir Reynardine, Sir Reynardine, make haste, that we may proceed on our Journey.

The

The Wood-man, upon this, coming stily behind him, creeping under the shelter of the Bank, so that he could not be seen of the Ass, all on a sudden, to the Ass's great surprize, clapped a strong Halter about his Neck, fastning it immediately to a strong Post that upheld the Pails, and though the Ass struggled, and brayed hideously, all was in vain, the more he struggled, the more the Wood-man cudgled him; till quite tired and sore bruised, he was forced to lie down, and, submit himself to his Mercy.

The Fox seeing this, laughed heartily, to think how he had taken his Taker; yet not appearing in sight, he lay close to see the Ass carried away, and then posted back to 'Squire *Careless's* House, arriving there before he was missed; and soon after he had the Pleasure to see *Witless*, with other Asses, come laden with heavy Bundles of Wood on a Pack-saddle, into the Court-yard; the Wood-man serving the 'Squire with Fuel

Coming to him, he thus saluted him; My Lord *Witless*, I am glad to see you invested in your new Honour; your Coat of Arms, methinks, suit you rarely well, and your other Accoutrements are very splendid: I have seen many, but none like it for Beauty and Gayness. Hah! the Packsaddle and Cross-stick in a green Field, emblazoned with a Halzar and Girths; 'tis all admirable! above what your Lordship's Ancestors durst pretend to.

The Ass hearing these Taunts, verily believed he had betrayed him into Slavery, and therefore, in a fury, run at him to trample him under his Feet, with loud Brayings; but the Fox, being nimble, skipped into the Hole of his Kennel, lay close, saw the Ass severely banged for breaking his Girths in struggling, and letting the Wood fall about the Yard; and though the Ass laboured hard to excuse it, and accuse the Fox of Treach-

Treachery; yet the Wood Man not understanding his Language, exasperated by his Braying, beat him but the more; so that finding himself in a piteous plight, he was forced to be mute; and upon his return, grievously complained to his Fellow-asses of his hard Usage; who bid him be of good Comfort; since he was not yet acquainted with their Master's Humours, which when he was, and he knew how to please him, his Condition would be more tollerable, as themselves they said, had proved; For said one of them, though he be a little rough, he is a careful Provider for us; for in the hard Times of Winter when there is nothing growing that is pleasant to feed on, he will rob all the Brans and Stacks in ten Miles, to get us Provinder, and load us home with it, to our great Sttisfaction, when other Asses, turned to shift on a bare Heath or Common, are ready to perish with Cold and Hunger. This Discourle a little comforted *Witless*, and made him bear his Slavery the better, which he did not so much stand upon, as that he had being made a Lord.

M O R A L.

By the unfortunate ends of the Fox's Pursurers, for the most part, signifies, Men that are too forward to seek the Ruin of others, fall into Ruin themselves. By the Brock, is signified, that among many Enemies, one may find a true Friend. The Ass's taking the Fox, signifies Ignorance aided by Strength, may on a Surprise, overcome the Wisty; by the Fox's deluding the Ass, and bringing him into Slavery, signifies, in the end, that Policy is better than Strength, and ever a secure Foundation to build on; for without the latter, the former stands not long.

C H A P. VII.

How 'Squire Careless Breaking, the Fox entered into the Service of one Gripepenny, a miserable Miser; the Agreement he made with him, in what Manner they lived together, till the Fox was accidentally discovered, and seized on by Quickscent the Lur-cher.



Reynardine the Fox, living at Squire Careless's House, and not only providing for himself, but often brought Presents of Poultry, Rabbits and the like for his Master, which greatly pleased him, but his Riot and Extravagance was so great, in keeping open House, and entertaining lew'd Fellows, as Fiddlers, Morrice-dancers, and the like, that a while after the Fox came thither, his Creditors Clamours frightened him away, and all he had was seized on; nay the Fox, had he not been nimble, to scape through his Hole, had fallen into their Clutches, and been a Slave, or his Skin, perhaps, sold to the Furrier, to pay part of his Master's Debts.

The

The Fox thus luckily escaping at breaking up of House-keeping, was however, put to shift for a new Master, not daring to venture much abroad in the Day time, as knowing the Lurcher and others were yet abroad in search of him: and therefore casting in his mind whither to go, at length he bethought himself of an old Miser, called *Gripepenny*, who lived a miserable covetous Life, thought the Fox, the Income I shall bring him by my Theft will make this Fellow entertain me with a good Will. To his House therefore he hasted, proffered him his Service; but when the Miser heard he had been a Servant to Squire *Careless*, he took up a Staff, crying out, Varlet, hence from my Door, with speed, or I shall cripple you, you are one of those extravagant Villains that ruin my careless and foolish Neighbour; and would you get Entertainment in my House to ruin me too? Away with you Rascal.

The Fox hearing this Language, began mildly to intreat him, saying, have Patience a little, and I will satisfy you otherwise. As how? as how? Speak quickly then, said *Gripepenny*. Why, reverend Sir, said the Fox though I lived with Squire *Careless*, yet I eat not of his Meat, nor drank of his Cup; all I had of him was but a little Lodging, and for that I greatly recompensed him, for few Nights passed, but ranging abroad, I brought him either a Pig, Goose, Turkey, Pullet, Cock, Capon, Duck Rabbit, or the like; which might have supplied his House in a great Measure, had not his riotous Way of Living been so excessive.

This made the Miser rejoyce, and thereupon requested him to come in; then he demanded if he would serve on these Terms; Yes, said the Fox, with all my Heart if I may have my free Liberty to go and come when I please. That you shall, said the Miser, if I find you faithful and diligent

in what you have promised. Doubt not that, said the Fox; but then I must have Holes to go in and out at my Pleasure, to fetch in Provisions That you shall have said the other. And so all things were accordingly prepared, and he shewed to his Lodging, in a convenient Hovel in the Back-side, and some Scraps of mouldy Bread and Cheese given him for a present Supply; which he but badly relished; yet being hungry, and in hopes of better Chear when he went abroad at Night, he seemed contented with it, that his new Master might not think he was over fine mouth'd.

No sooner was the Night come, but he went a forraging in the Neighbouring Hen-roasts, and having sufficed himself with Pullen, he brought his Master *Gripenenny* home a fat Goose, he catch-ed napping, under a Hovel in a Farmer's Yard: This pleased the old Miser wonderfully; but being too covetous to eat so dainty a Morsel, he pluck-ed it, and sold it in the Market, buying Neck-beef with Part of the Money. And thus they liv-ed together, *Reynardine* frequently supplying him, till an unlucky Accident happened.

The Lurcher being still on the Search, and ha-ving made a Vow never to return to Court with-out the Fox, rambled over many other Kingdoms, and scented all the most likely places to find him, but met with Disappointments, when being about to leave off seeking any further, despairing of Suc-cess, and yet resolved to keep his Vow, and not return to the Lion's Court, being tired and over-heated, he lay down on the backside of *Gripenenny's* House, in a dry Ditch, close under the Pails; yet long he had not been there, careful and pensive, but, to his great Joy, he espied the Fox coming out at his Hole, but it being yet Day, and he sud-denly popping in again, he thought it not fit to seize

seize him but for fear of being discovered, withdrew to a neighbouring Wood till Night, into which he doubted not but the Fox wou'd come for his Prey.

In this the Lurcher was not mistaken, for in the Dusk of the Evening he came ranging, after his accustomed Matter, to see if the Coasts were clear; for about this Wood were many Farm-houses: and so close the Lurcher lay, that he came very near him before he stirred, then whilst the Fox was scenting the Wind, to know which way his Game lay, he suddenly leap'd on him carrying by the Nape of the Neck into the middle of the Wood; the surprized Fox, all the way crying piteously out for help; and it being then dark, the Lurcher bound him for that Night, and notwithstanding his Flattery and Entreaties, early the next Morning, forced him to go along with him to the Court: where being come, the Fox was immediately committed close Prisoner, and *Quickscout* the Lurcher for this Service got great Credit and Applause, the King giving him the Title of Lord *Quickscout*, and caused the Honour to be proclaimed, and as a Reward, put a Golden Collar about his Neck.

M O R A L.

By *Gripepenny's* entertaining the Fox, when he heard his Story, signifies that covetous Men for their own Advantage, care not how thievish, or wickedly their Gains are come by. By the Lurcher's taking the Fox at last, denotes, that wicked Men, how cunning so ever they be, do not always escape.

C H A P. VII.

The Fox being imprisoned, meditates his Escape; gets his Irons taken off by fair Promises to his Goaler, then puts a Trick upon him; and attempting to escape, finding it difficult, earthen himself in the Prison; and upon Enquiry, not being found, the Goaler is hanged.

THE Fox lying Pensive in Prison, expecting the Time of his approaching Death, and not hoping for Mercy, had many serious Thoughts upon him; but the chiefest was, if possible, to make his Escape; but then considering how strongly he was iron'd, and that his Guards were vigilant, if he should attempt it, and not succeed, his Death would be the more speedy, and that not without Torments: However he often cast it in his Mind, but finding it in a manner impossible, concluded himself overtaken.

Yet pensive in these Thoughts, at length overcoming in his Mind all supposed Difficulties that stood in his Way, he resolved to try if any Stragem might free him: First he flattered, with Promise of great Reward, his Goaler, if he would take off his Irons, which he said, being too strait, greatly pained him, hoping if he were eased of that Incumbrance, he might be in a fairer Way to escape; but this he found very difficult: For, said he, if this were known, I should lose my Place, if not my Life; especially should your Escape be furthered by it: For I well remember, when you escaped before, those that guarded you, were without Mercy, put to Death. Ah! said the Fox, I know it as well as you, and mourned their Misfortunes much, and often wished, I being Guilty, had died, rather than those Innocents should have suffer'd in my Place, but now have repented me of my Sins, which then I had not done; which made me fearful of Death;

F

but

but now my Thoughts are fully prepared for it, and I am so weary of Life, through the many Troubles and Fears I have undergone, that I am so far from thinking of making my Escape, that would the King grant me his Pardon, it would be little welcome to me.

Nay, said the Goaler, if to take off your Irons in Way of Courtesie to ease you, might do you a Kindness, could I do it, I so much Honour your Race, that I would do you such a Favour. But how shall I come by my Reward, if you are executèd; have you any Money about you? The Reward, said the Fox, you shall be assured of, though I have no Money about me; for when I know I must go to the Place of Execution, I will privately whisper in your Ear, the Place where I have hid so great a Treasure, as will enrich you and your Kindred all your Days.

The covetous Goaler believed this, promise him to take off his Irons, so that they might be put on again when he was carried before the King, or to the Place of Execution, if his hard Destiny decreed him to such a Fate.

The Fox's Irons were no sooner off, though he pretended himself crippled with them, but he began to rejoyce, hoping now to have another Trial for his Escape, to defeat his Enemies of their Expectations; but his main Business was how to get the Goaler out of the Way, who had strict Command, on Pain of Death, narrowly to watch him Day and Night, till he was delivered into the Executioner's Hands.

Whereupon, after he had complained a While his Head ake, he fell a reaching and vomiting, declaring he was piteous sick, and desired to have a Physician and a Confessor sent for, fearing in the Case of the latter, he might die before Sentence was pass'd upon him, and he was willing to make Peace with his Conscience before he de-

parted

parted. The Goaler, who had strict Orders to let none come at him, without they brought the King's Signet, said, he could not do this, desiring him in these Extremities, to make use of him, pretending boastingly of his own Parts and Acquirements, to be both Priest and Physician. The Fox was glad to hear this, and desired, in the first Place to know what Drugs he had; For, said he, this Disease has before seized me, but never so violently, and threatned me very near with Death; and knowing what I formerly used, if I see your Drugs, I will chuse out the most proper for my Purpose.

The Goaler readily obey'd, and fetch'd a confused Medly of such Things as he scraped together, to give his Prisoners when sick, Hab Nab at a Venture, either for Killing or Curing; and the Fox having tumbled them over to his great Satisfaction, found a good Quantity of *Opium*, which his Goaler being ignorant of, among others, he chose, and desiring him to fetch him some Wine to mix them with, the better to take them: The Goaler flattering himself, if he pleased him well, and he should now die, he would at large discover to him his Treasure he had hid, and no Body beside should know it, fetched a whole Quart. The Fox reproved him for his Lavishness, as being, he said, far too much for a sick Person. O, replied the Goaler, you may well enough use it, or if you do not, I can well enough dispense with it.

This was to the Fox's Purpose, and thereupon, with some of it, he proceeded to mix what Drugs he pleased, secretly conveying the *Opium* into the rest; then feigning to be much better, heartily thanked him, and told him, he might take it away, and, for his Confession, he would defer it till he saw how he should be, if he thought he should live, he would reserve it to be made at the

Gallows, where his own Confessor was to attend him.

The Goaler seemed satisfied, and gulped down the rest of the Wine, to the good Recovery of the Fox's Health, and his finding yet Favour with the King; and so sitting down, immediately fell into a profound Sleep: Then the Fox took the Keys, and opened the inner Door, in hopes to open the other, and escape; but there, contrary to Expectation, he found a Guard, who it seems, watched Night and Day; this much startled him, wherefore he returned, and attempted the Windows, but the Bars were so close he could not get his Head through; but then a Project coming into his Mind, he pulled off some of his Wool, and stuck it on the Gates, that however, when Search was made, they might think he had escaped that Way, as being grown thin and lean by his long fasting; and then give over in that Place, and not mistrusting him there, the Doors being left open, he might escape unseen. Upon this he went and fed lustily on such Provisions as he had, that he might thereby subsist the longer, and so under an old Pair of Stairs in the Passage, earthed himself, drawing in the Earth, and covering himself so close, that he had only a Breathing-Place, and so he continued as long as might be. Now two Days being passed, his Execution was designed the next Morning, and a great Guard came to receive the Prisoner, but instead of him, they found the Goaler awaked from the Effects of his sleepy Dose, in great Perplexity, and about to hang himself through Fear of worse Punishment for his Neglect, and the Anger, that at the same Time possessed him, for his giving Credit to the Fox's Flatteries and Dissimulation, whom he, at the same Time, knew had often deceived wiser than himself.

Of him they required the Prisoner, shewing the

the K
Hand
Mann
but b
from
them
thing
self
this,
looke
go o
they
Woo
said
ing
it w
the
Acco
be ri
cion
but
they
as i
whe
T
again
Ang
to l
Proc
Sear

Th
great
Foref
bring
Cour
omit

the King's Order for him to deliver him into their Hands; to which he answered, in a distracted Manner, he knew not what was become him; but believed him to be the Devil, for he had got from him invisible, the Doors being shut, telling them the Story of his pretended Sickness, but nothing of his taking off the Irons, nor that himself had profoundly slept. The Fox heard all this, and could not forbear laughing; then they looked about to see what Place possibly he might go out at, and finding no Suspicion of any, till they came to the Window. where they found his Wool sticking on the Iron-Bars; whereupon some said he was gone that Way, but others, considering the Narrowness of the Spaces between, said, it was impossible. However, they commanded the Goaler to go along with them, and give an Account of it to the King, that the Matter might be rightly understood, and they freed from Suspicion and Blame. This Fear made him loath to do; but they told him; if he would not go willingly, they would compel him, and then it would look as if he had purposely permitted the Escape; whereupon he accompanied them to Court.

The King hearing the Story, and how he had again been deluded, groaned within himself for Anger, immediately causing the Goaler to be put to Death with Torments; putting out a fresh Proclamation, and sending Pursuers again in Search of the escaped Fox.

M O R A L.

The Fox's dissembling with the Goaler, and promising great Rewards, denotes Covetousness blinds Men's Foresight, and makes them do Things that will certainly bring them to Destruction. The Fox's taking this Course, denotes in a desperate Case, nothing is to be omitted, that carries with it a Shadow of Safety.

CHAP. IX.

Reynardine attempting to escape, is prevented, and brought before the King, and boldly confesses his Crimes, then being ordered to the Gallows, he, by a Stratagem, hangs the Executioner, but is afterwards hang'd, and quarter'd himself,



THE Fox, in his close hiding, being driven to great Straits for want of Provision, and almost stifled, began to contrive what Way he might yet take to make his Escape; he attempted therefore to dig a Hole under the Prison-Wall, and escape that Way, but found it so rocky, after he had digged Half a Fathom, that he could go no further; this put him into a pitiful Plight, whereupon he concluded to lie privately behind the Outward-door, and when it was opened, steal out, if he might, unseen.

This he attempted, but without Success; for scarce had he got out the Court-Yard, but he was espy'd, and so furiously pursued by many Beasts, that he, in the Chase of a Mile or two, was taken, and

and immediately dragged to the Court, with great Shouts and Acclamations. The King hearing the Noise, demanded the Cause, and being told that *Reynardine* was retaken, he greatly rejoiced, commanding he should be brought before him, which he was, with a sorrowful and dejected Countenance, then he commanded Manacles should be put on him, to prevent his starting for the future.

This done, he said, *Reynardine*, thou Traytor, you see even Destiny itself has design'd you for a shameful Death, from which all your Wiles cannot free you: What can you now say to the many Murders charg'd against you? Hold up your Head, and, if Shame and Horror will permit you, clear your Conscience, by a free Confession.

To this the Fox replied, Dread Sovereign, I own myself worthy of Death; for indeed I have grievously offended your Highness, and hurt most Beasts in the Forest; many I have murdered in Revenge of my Father's Death, and others to prevent being discover'd; as to the first, I poyson'd the Leopard and Panther, who, I was inform'd had betray'd my Father, and brought him to a shameful Death, and thereby pull'd down your Wrath upon me, and his whole Posterity: *Grimlock* the Mastiff, *Brindle* and *Tybert* the Cat, I made away, lest knowing me in my Disguise, they should discover me, and so betray my Life to your Anger: And the like I would have done by others, had I not been prevented; for Self-Preservation is a powerful Thing, and would make any one, as I think, prefer his own Life before the Life of another. As for the Injury I did to *Chanticleer's* Family, I own I am sorry for it; but Necessity, that has no Law, drove me to it: You, in Part, was the Cause of it, by banishing me, and forcing me into those Straits, which, for the meer Support of my Life, made me commit the Crime, wherein I had no Malice, nor received no Injury. My Hy-

pocrify in pretending to be a Monk, having gotten that Habit, and under a Veil of Sanctity, cheating many, I repent me of it; yet are there many worse Hypocrites than I, that wear them, making Religion a Trade and Gain, more than a real Profession. That I turned Physician I own; that in meer Emulation to spoil the Ass-Doctor's Trade; though since, I think, there are so many Pretenders, as skilful in Physick as himself, that few but Asses turn Physicians; and as I did a little purposed Mischief, they do a great deal; mine was on a just Revenge, purposely, whilst theirs is ignorantly for Lucre and Self-interest; for were they to be paid if the Patient lived, and not if he died, they would be more careful, or their Trade would be of little Value; but die or die not, it being all one many times when the Patient's Money is exhausted, and the Disease grows tedious to them, and they know not what to make of it, they try Practices at random, if he lives so, if not, why then, truly his Time was come, and who could help it: And therefore for this, I think, I ought not to be so much blamed, as some, who ride in Coaches, and Galashes, to make Work for Sextons and Grave-diggers.

The King hearing him speak thus boldly, and in some Measure, justify Part of this Proceedings, wondred at his Impudence, and demanded where the Treasure was, he pretended to be hid by *Anti-man* the Enchanter? Oh, replied he, that was an *Æsop's* Fable to gain Credit, that I might get time to escape; and my intended Sacrifices, be Popish Miracles: Nay, now if I thought, as I believe they will not, smooth Flatteries would pass upon you, I am not willing to Die, said the King, unless you use Witchcraft to vanish into Air; whereupon he ordered him to be immediately carried into the outward Court, where a Gibbet was erected, and there to be executed; commanding the

the Lurcher to do that Office, who seem'd very unwilling ; but the King's express Command compelled him to it ; Then were his Manacles taken off, and he mounted the Ladder, after the Lurcher, having the Halter about his Neck ; being mounted, and the Rope fastned to the Gibbet, he desired time to prepare himself, desiring them that were Spectators, to joyn with him in singing Mass- which when they devoutly were doing, poring upon their Books, he slipped the Halter off his Neck, and cast the Noose about the Lurcher's, throwing him off the Ladder, saying, *Harm watch, Harm catch* ; and immediately leaping down, narrowly was prevented by the young Libard, from escaping, which, whilst they were doing, and not minding the Lurcher, he hung so long till he was quite dead ; then they bound the Fox Hand and Foot, carried him up the Ladder, and taking the dead Lurcher out, thrust his Head in, and by hard pulling his Legs, immediately Hang'd him. And the King hearing what he had done, caused him to be quarter'd, and they set up in the Places where he had done the most Mischief. Then went the Poets to work on his Last Speech and Confession, to the Tune of many doleful Ditties, which got them a comfortable Penny in hard Times.

M O R A L.

The Fox's endeavouring to escape, and being prevented, denotes however wicked Men may escape, at length their Cunning fails them. His Confession denotes, that those who do wickedly, will excuse themselves on the wicked Deeds of others. He hanging the Lurcher, shews that Malice and Revenge is not overcome by the Fear of Death,

F I N I S.



H

C

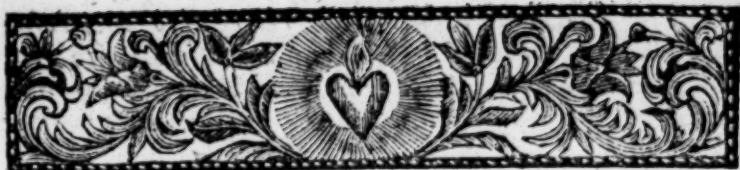
A

Wi
E
A
th

M
W



ten
and
cau



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Cawwood the R O O K :
O R, T H E
A s s e m b l y o f B I R D S.

With the several Speeches they made to the Eagle, in Hopes to have the Government in his Absence: How the Rook was banish'd; with the Reason why *Crofty Fellows* are called *Rooks*.

C H A P. I.

How the Eagle, King of Birds, summoned all his Winged Subjects to his Royal Palace of Sylvia, &c.



IN the Heat of Summer, when the Woods were lined with pleasant Shades, and filled with the charful Musick of the Feathered Querriers, it happened that the Royal Eagle, King of Birds intending to lay aside his Government for a while, and to retire into the solitary Desarts of *Aralia*, caused the following Proclamation to be published.

F 6

That

That seeing he proposed for some mighty Reasons best known to himself, to retire into the Arabian Desert, and for some few Months to lay aside all Rule and Dominion; he therefore tending the Welfare of his Subjects, and being careful they might not want one in his Absence to administer Justice unto them, thought good to signify his Royal Will and Pleasure, which was, That all the Birds of what Name, Colour or Degree soever, should repair unto his Royal Palace of Sylvia Wood; and that there purposed to cause one amongst them to Rule the rest, who could declare himself to be most Worthy of Merit and Desert.

The Proclamation being written, was Subscribed, *Aquila Rex Avium*; which is in English, *The Eagle Ring of Birds*.

This was sooner made known thro' all the Hedges, Thickets, and Woods, where Birds do resort, but that presently their Hearts were inflamed with Ambition, every one desiring to prove himself worthy of the Vice-Regency, or Government, during the Retirement of the King: So that in a short time there were come unto the Court of Sylvia, *Rupert* the Robin, *Mavis* the Magpye, *Philip* the Sparrow, the Blackbird, *Sterling*, and *Jack-daw*, with *Philomel* the Nightingale, *Tomtitmouse*, *Parvis* the Wren, *Spinbe* the Finch, *Columber* the Dove, and *Maybird* the Cuckoo; with many others, which came with prepared Speeches to make known their own Worth and Merit. But now the Eagle having seated himself on a high Cedar-Tree, began to look down upon the Assembly of Birds, who sat upon the lower Boughs round about him; and by the piercing Quickness of his Eye, he soon perceived that his Cousin *Rapax* the Hawk, who was somewhat akin unto him, and likewise *Cawwood* the Rook; were

were only absent ; So that before he could make known his Mind unto them, he sent *Flywel* the Buzzard for his Cousin *Rapax* the Hawk, and likewise for *Cawwood* the Rook ; and withal, fearing that his Cousin *Rapax* the Hawk, kept out of the Way, because he had formerly committed many Outrages upon the smaller Birds, sent him a free Pardon for all his former Offences, bidding *Flywel* to command him to come away with all Speed.

M O R A L.

There is no Man hath so mean Conceit of himself, but he thinketh he deserveth Honour and Preferment, as may appear by the Wren, and the other small Birds, who all resorted to the Court upon the Eagle's Proclamation, to make the most worthy Viceroy in his Absence. The Hawk and the Rook keeping themselves away from the Court, doth shew that a Guilty Conscience is a Self-accuser, and maketh Men afraid to come in Sight, especially at any Publick Meeting.

C H A P. II.

How Flywel the Buzzard, carried a Pardon to Rapax the Hawk ; and how the Hawk and the Rook requited him for his Pains.

NO sooner had *Flywel* the Buzzard tied the Pardon with a String round about his Neck, but strait, he took Wing, and flew away to a Wood some three Miles off, to which he knew the Hawk and Rook did use to resort ; and there accordingly he soon met with them, and delivered the Pardon.

don to the Hawk, telling him, that the King (out of his free Mercy) had vouchsafed to send him a Pardon for all his former Crimes, wishing him to obey the former Proclamation, and to make all haste that could be, to come unto the Court. The Hawk took the Pardon, and having read it, he gave *Flywel* the Buzzard many Thanks, for that he being so short of Wing, had took the Pains to bring him these good Tydings; and so walking aside with *Cawwood* the Rook, as if they had consulted about going to the Court; the Hawk told the Rook, That this Buzzard [albeit he was a kin unto him] was a Shame and Disgrace unto all Hawks, being a Coward, and not daring to seize on any thing but dead Carrion, or some scattered Guts, or take Childrens Bread and Butter out of their Hands; all which doth plainly shew the Baseness of his Breeding, and that he never came out of a true Nest, or Airy of the Hawks; and therefore, Friend *Cawwood*, seeing thou hast been accounted a cunning Politician all thy Days, I would intreat thee at this time to instruct me in some Device how we may make him away, and yet neither of us be known to have any Hand in the Matter. The Rook scratching his Head with one of his Claws, and standing still a while, as in a Maze, at last turning to the Hawk, with a serious Look he told him, That there was a new Invention came into Brains how to make away the Buzzard, and to set him going with a Powder. After this they returned again unto *Flywel* the Buzzard, who never suspected what they had contrived against him, but complained unto them, that he had gotten a great Cold in his Head, by flying so far in a Rainy Day, he being only used to haunt Warrens, and so fly from one old Tree to another. But no sooner had the Rook

heard

heard him say that he had gotten a Cold, but he presently took hold of the Occasion, telling him, that there was no better Medicine in the world for a Cold than Warmth; and therefore, if he would but tye his Head about with a Cloth, he should find that the Rheum would presently void it self and run out of his Beak in great abundance. The Buzzard being full of Pain with the Head ached consented thereunto; so that the Rook very carefully and cunningly tyed a Clout round about his Head, and so bid him fly to the next Tree: The foolish Buzzard thinking he could find out the Way for all he was Blindfold, took Wing, and flew directly against the Body of a great Oak, which beat him back so violently, that he came fluttering to, and through the Boughs, till at last he accidentally caught hold of one of them with his Talons, and so having Perched himself, he thought to sit there, till the Hawk and Rook, his Learned Physicians did come unto him, but they flew to another Tree hard by, from whence they might behold the Buzzard sitting very demurely by himself. But he had not sat there long, when it happened that one came by with a Fowling-piece, and perceiving so fair a Mark, went towards him, and taking his Aim, gave Fire, and shot the Buzzard that he came tumbling down stark dead, which when the Rook and the Hawk perceived, they flew away towards the Court, the Hawk being very glad that his Cousin the Buzzard was deprived of his Life, and so giving the Rook many Thanks for inventing this Device, which had so luckily took Effect, they both flew together to the Court.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

Some are so blinded that they cannot discern Danger before it comes upon them, as may appear by the Buzzard, who sat blind-folded in the Tree, till the Fowler came by and shot him. The Hawk bringing his Cousin Buzzard to an untimely Death, sheweth, that the Rich do despise there poor Kindred, and so do expose them to Danger.

C H A P. III.

Now Rapax the Hawk, and Cawwood the Rook came to the Court; and how the Eagle declared unto the Birds, the Reason why he called them together.

THE Eagle being, as before, mounted upon a Cedar, all the Birds in a Circle sat round about him, making such a Charm of several Notes, and Tunes, and Ditties, that if you had but heard them, you would have sworn you had never heard the like. As they were thus sitting together, in came the Hawk and the Rook, and took their Places among the other Birds, and so the Hawk having made Obeisance to the King, began in an eloquent Speech, to amplify the King's Mercy, who had not only granted him a free Pardon for all his former Offences, but also safe Protection to come unto that Place. But the Eagle cut him off in his Speech, saying, Cousin, I hope my Mercy shall find that Reward which I expect, which is, That you will amend your Life, for that is the best Way to give me Thanks, and satisfy the whole Commonwealth of Birds, who else, tho' they dare not speak it openly, yet in their Hearts, they will condemn

demn me of Injustice, for remitting the bloody Murthers and Slaughters of my Subjects which you have daily committed. But I have other Matters to declare unto you, and therefore I would have you give Attention; and so with his Scepter, (which he held in one of his Talons,) making a Sign for Silence, he began his Royal Speech in this manner: My loving Subjects, from the Highest to the Lowest; I do therefore here confess, that all my Subjects are equally dear unto me, so that my Cousin, the Hawk, is no more dear unto me than the little Wren. It behoveth me therefore, that as I have made known my Purpose unto you by my Proclamation, which is, To leave my Court of *Sylvia*, and flye into the solitary Desarts of *Arabia*, so it is necessary for the establishing Peace and Quiet in my Absence, I leave one to Rule and Govern you; and to this End, I have called you to this Assembly, that whatsoever Birds among you can prove himself to be the worthiest, either by Parentage, Merit or Desert, or any other Way, him will I make King in my Absence: Therefore let every one speak boldly in Behalf of themselves, and urge what Reasons they can in their Behalf. The Birds hearing this, began to clap their Wings, and with chiruping and chattering, gave a great Applause to the Eagle's Speech.

M O R A L .

That when a wicked Offender receives Mercy, either from the King, or a Magistrate, he cannot shew more Thankfulness, than by amending his Life; for so the Kingly Eagle told his Cousin Rapax the Hawk: Kings ought to take Care of their Subjects in their Absence, as appears by the Eagle's Speech to the Commonalty of Birds, whose rejoicing thereat, doth shew how acceptable the gracious Speech of a King is to his loving Subjects.

Haw

How Parvis the Wren, made a Speech to the Eagle.

THE Wren all this while sat upon Thorns, tho' indeed she were now on a higher Tree than ever she was in her Life before, being always us'd to creep and peep in the Hedge Bottom; and therefore it seems that the height of the Tree had put high Conceits in her Head; so that perking up herself, and getting upon a small-Twig, from whence she might be seen of all the Company, she began most earnestly to desire the Kingly Eagle to make her his Substitute: For, says she, though I am but a Wren, and of a small Body, yet my Heart is as Big as the best, and for my Wit and Policy, you may see it in building my Nest, and the Workmanship thereof: And therefore, tho' I am the least of Birds, yet if you please, I think myself worthy to bear the greatest Authority among the Birds. The Wren would still have gone on, being all Heart and Tongue, but that the Eagle commanded *Rupert the Robin* to speak next.

M O R A L.

This sheweth that Men of least Desert, will put themselves most forward; as it is seen by the Wren, preferring herself above all other Birds; and the Reason is, because those that have the least Worth, have the greatest Opinion of themselves.

How Rupert the Robin spake to the Eagle.

MY Lord the Eagle, I hope *Rupert the Robin* is not unknown to you, whom Men, Women, and Children do Love, Honour and Respect; no Pieces are discharged against me; no Snare is set for me, so that I flie with Safety into Houses,

Cawwood *the* R O O K. 139

Houses, Butteries and Cellars, because no Man will hurt a Robin. The Reason why I am beloved, is for my Courtesie and Familiarity towards Men: for if I find a dead Body in the Woods, I and the rest of my Fellows do bury it with Moss and Leaves, and for this I am called the Sexton of the Woods: Besides, I sing in Winter; neither can the coldest Frosts put me down, when all the other Birds, like Cowards creep into Bushes: I therefore have the better Heart, and being generally belov'd, do know no Reason why I may not Govern the Common-wealth of Birds in your Absence.

M O R A L.

It is some Argument of Worth in ourselves, when we are beloved of others, as appears by the Speech of Rupert the Robin, who urges it as a Praise unto himself, to beloved of Men.

The Owl's Speech.

THE Owl being not in those times afraid of the other Birds, but esteem'd as a grave Counsellor, began to speak next; but with such a hollow Voice, as no Man could understand him; yet some of his Words were to this Purpose. May it please your Royal Eagleship, the Owl was beloved of Pallas and the Lacedemonians did Coin the Money with the Stamp and Picture of an Owl, so much did they love me. But the Birds hearing the Owl speak of the Lacedemonians, they fell all into a confused Chirruping, or Laughter, so that the Owl

Owl, without taking any Leave, flew away; and ever since that Time hath hid his Head in an old Ivy-tree, being asham'd of Day-light, and shunning the Company of other Birds.

M O R A L.

That when Men will strive to shew Learning at unreasonable times, it makes them prove ridiculous, as appears by the Owl, who was laughed at for his learned Speech of the Lacedemonians.

The Speech of Philomel the Nightingale.

AFTER the Owl was laughed out of Countenance, the Nightingale began to delight their Ears, with her harmonious Noise; and no sooner had she framed herself to speak, but the Birds were ready to give Attendance to her Speech, which was in this manner, Most Royal Sovereign, if I should declare all my Sorrows, which I record by Night, making the Thorn my Song-Book, I know it would move you to compassionate my unjust Ravishment; for know that I was Daughter to a King, and ravished by my Sister Progne's Husband, called Tereneus, and afterwards by some strange Power we are all changed into Birds, Tereneus into a Lapwing, my Sister Progne into a Swallow, and I Philomel into a Nightingale, who still in lamentable Tunes, setting my Breast against a Thorn, I warble forth my own Grief; and seeing every Bird hath free Liberty to praise herself, I may boldly say, that I'm the Honour of the Woods, the Darling of the Spring

Spring, the Lover's Joy ; for Young Men and Maids will walk together to hear my Notes, and if they hear me before May Bird the Cuckoo, they are in good Hope they shall enjoy their Sweethearts that Year. I am called *Philomel* for my melodious Strains ; my Body is little, my Voice is loud, so that one said of me, *Voces præterea nihil* ; That I was only a Voice, and nothing else, If therefore my great Birth, former Wrongs, or pleasant Tunes have any Power to declare my Merit, I hope the Crown and Scepter may be worthily resigned unto me, having been sometimes a King's Daughter, and therefore fit to be made Queen of the Woods.

M O R A L.

Virtue is pitied of all Men, which made Philomel declare the Story of her Ravishment ; and by the Birds giving so diligent Attention unto her, is shewed that a well delivered Speech hath a great Power over the Minds and Affections.

The Cuckoo's Speech.

MAY Bird the Cuckoo, having heard the sweet Speech which *Philomel* had made, thinking he could have made as good himself, for yet he had not suckt so many Eggs to make him hoarse, and therefore getting upon a bare Bough, he began to wipe his Beak, and rub it upon the Tree, afterwards he fluttered his Wings, and at last fetching his Breath, as if he meant to make a long Speech, began in this Manner, Great King, I am the Cuckoo, Cuckoo, and so he could go no further,

further, but still crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, where-
at all the other Birds laughed, and the Cuckoo
was much dismayed, and since then he will never
be seen of the Birds but only in *May*, and for
that Reason he is called the *May Bird*

M O R A L.

This shews that great Preparations have small Performances ; and that those, whose Brains seem to be in labour with a Mountain, do at last bring forth a Mouse, as may be perceived by May-bird the Cuckoo, who made them believe, that he had great Matters to speak, and at last could say nothing but Cuckoo, Cuckoo, and so was laughed at for his Pains.

The Speech of Corvino the Crow.

WHEN the Cuckoo had ended with Shame, as he began with great Ostentation ; then *Corvino* the Crow stood up, and told them, he was a great Astrologer, having Knowledge in the Influences of the Stars, the Shiftings of the Winds, the Change of the Weather, all which he made known unto Men by Voice, so that the Shepherds are wont to say,

*When the Crow doth cry amain,
Then you may be sure of Rain.*

Besides my Craft and Cunning it is! such, that I am seldom insnared and brought to Ruin, and therefore I ought for my Policy to be perferred. If a Horse chance to die, I am presently upon his Bones ;

Bones; or if a Lamb or Sheep be weak, I pick out his Eyes, and afterwards do flye to some Tree, and from thence do hear how the Shepherds curse me, but yet for all that, I thrive the better. If therefore Policy or Knowledge in Affairs may enable me for Publick Government, you may make me your Substitute, and deliver the Crown unto the Crow, for to him it belongeth, if Desert may bear it away.

M O R A L.

These that have no Knowledge will presume many times to be Professors of Arts, so that every Art hath some ignorant Fellows, who will pretend to have Skill therein, as Mountebanks will needs be Physicians; and Fellows with a little Latin, will needs be Scholars, as the Crow, because he cries sometimes before Rain, would therefore needs be an Astrologer.

The Speech of Mavis the Magpye.

THE Magpye after this began to chatter out her Mind, saying, he was once a King, and so was changed to a Pye, and therefore he might now again be changed from a Pye into a King: Besides, saith he, I have been always esteemed as a Poet, for I can make Verses, and chatter the mout so fast that you would wonder at it; and I can tell you, the Commonwealth of Birds have much delighted in my Songs and Ditties being excellent Rhyme with some Reason; and therefore I think they have Reason to applaud me: And for Proof of my Skill, you shall hear some of my Verses;

Although

*A'though I am no Jack-daw,
Nor House-crow, that cryeth Caw ;
Yet I am a Magpye
That can make sweet Melody :
And Sing so in my Mother's Tongue,
Then all Birds shall admire my Song.*

No sooner had the Magpye spoke these Verses, and seeing the Birds laugh at him, he swore they were very good Lines. and that they had no more Wit than Woodcocks, or else they would have prais'd them.

M O R A L.

Because this Moral will offensive be to some Magpies in the World, I will deliver the Moral into Verse out of Persius, the Poet, treating of the same Matter ;

*Corvos Poetas, & Poetrias Picas,
Cantare credas, Pagascium melos
Crow Poets, and Poetick Pyes,
Do think they make sweet Melodier.*

The Speech of Anser the Goose.

After this, Anser the Goose, and Coby the Cock, having by Chance heard the Proclamation as they were standing under a Hedge, they came flying thither, but being not able to light upon a Tree, the Goose and the Cock stood at the Bottom of the Tree ; which when the Eagle perceiv'd, he came down to them, and all the Birds sat round about upon the Ground. Then the Goose began

began to speak in this Manner: Albeit I am esteemed a cowardly Bird, because when I go under a Barn-door, I stoop down my Head, yet I can speak much in my own Behalf: For to begin with former Times, I only by my gagling Voice saved the Capital of Rome, from being taken by the Enemy, as I know your Eagleship hath read in Histories; Besides, if I come unto these Times, how could the Lawyers, Clerks, or Scriviners make the poor Countrymen pay for their Law, unless I lend them Quills to write their Bills and Bonds. So that I think the Gray-Goose-Wing may be as much feared now, as in the old Time when they headed Arrows with my Feathers, for then many Times they lost their Lives, and now their Land, while the Sheep affords the Parchment, and I afford the Pen, with which the Prodigal sets his Hand to the Seal of Mortgage of his whole Patrimony. Besides I have many Two legged Kindred in the World knows them to be Geese: And therefore considering how necessary I am, I hope you will give me the Preheminence above the other Birds.

M O R A L.

It appears by this, that every Goose thinks himself the wisest; and if he adds but any Assistance to another unthinkingly, and against his Will, he magnifies it with his peculiar Desert, and requires Recompence above his Merit.

Coby the Cock's Speech.

I Am *Coby* the Cock, or the Bird of *Mars*, I fight single Combats, and from the Cockpit I bear away the Bloody Victory : I am the Country Clock, and tell the Maids when it is Time to rise, I call up the Labourer to work, and proclaim Day-light over the whole World. I am loving to my Hens, respected of my Dame that keeps me, and fed with the best Barley she can get, and in Requital I tread her Hens lustily, and make them lay Eggs. To conclue, I am come of a generous King, being the true Emblem of Valour, and so necessary that the World cou'd not tell how to do for Eggs at *Shrovetide*, if the Cock should fail. And therefore, if the Matter be decided by Voices, I know the Country Wives would desire to have me made King, for they do all love a good Treading Cock.

M O R A L.

The Cock here proclaiming his Valour and Utility, signifies, quarrellsome Men would be praised for the Mischief they do their Fellow Creatures, and bear that out with something that has a Shew of Good in it.

The Jack Daw's Speech.

THough I am last to take the Boldness to speak, yet I hope you will consider that I am an excellent Linguist, and have the Knowledge of many Languages, so that when we

Jack.

Jack-daws are got together about a Steeple, we make a chattering Noise like so many *Welchmen*, Besides, I have rich Treasures which lies hid in the Crown of a Tree, as namely, Beads, Tags of Points, Pewter Spoons, and divers other things; which I mean to present unto your Eagleship; for it is my Nature to hide whatever I find. Besides, for my Langue (as I said before) I can speak *Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian* as easily as my Mother Tongue; but indeed few can understand me, and therefore I do lose that Praise which I deserve. However, I hope you will consider my Worthiness, and Place me as your Substitue, during the Time that your Royal Majesty shall be absent in the Desert of *Arabia*. And so ends the Jack-daw, praying for your long Life, and to give you a Taste of my Languages, *Levat le Roy, Felicissimum.*

M O R A L.

Those that make the loudest Noise, think they speak most Sense, when indeed they are troublesome to the Hearers, though many times it takes with Fools, and gets their Treasure from them unawares.

C H A P. VIII.

How the Eagle having heard the Birds several Speeches, did make a Speech to them again, and at last made his Cousin Rapax the Hawk, Viceregent in his Absence.

THE Eagle, like a wise King, having all this while collected the chief Matter of their Speeches, he began to speak unto them in this manner: My loving Subjects, I have assembled

you in this Wood, where I usually have held my Residence, to know which of you are most worthy to hold the Scepter in my Absence, and rule with a just and steady Sway : To encourage the Good and Royal, and suppress and keep under, with due Punishments, such as our Laws can inflict, those that shall prove restless and troublesome in the Commonwealth of Birds, to the Disturbance of their sweet Peace, that they may gather their Food undisturbed, hop and sing in every pleasant Grove without Fear or Danger : even such a One that will be vigilant and quick-sighted to prevent the Mischiefs that so often befalls the airy winged Legions ; that knows what Snares and Traps are, and if of Policy and Strength of Mind sufficient how instruct my Subjects to avoid them ; or if entangled, the best Way to break thro' and escape ; and having weighed what every one has said, I find not any that has proportion of sufficient Parts of Ability for so weighty a Charge.

As for the Wren, his Weakness, and Hedge and Hovelbreeding, promises no Ability of Body, or soaring Mind sufficient to overcome the Powerful, or assist the Weak, but the Fear of the greater, must compel him to submit to what they please, and wink, for his own Safety, at their oppressing the Meaner of my Subjects, or a waging Contention with each other : And so, as a Hedge bird, I decline him.

As for you *Rupert*, the Robin, though you are familiar with them, yet the Stain you bear upon your Breast is the Badge of a Murder, as ancient Stories tell us, when you was transformed into a Bird, which makes you fear the open Air, creep into Houses to hide you, and by flattering Songs deceive People, who, ignorant of your Fact, take you to be innocent and harmless, and so they spare you

you
la
sing
can
for
and
put
Pre
you
Int
A
trou
you
Wi
whi
lick
opp
stru
out
you
such
dete
selve
Sigh
mak
rejec
A
are r
gent
Scep
durin
sure
Win
you
your
man.

you

you ; And to be plain, you are too weak and lazy for this Government, for whilst you are singing in Hovels and Houses for Crumbs, how can you mind more weighty Affairs abroad ? As for your Charity in burying Bodies with Moss and Leaves, 'tis for your own Advantage, that putrefying whilst so hid from the other Birds of Prey, they may breed Worms and Maggots for your Food ; so 'tis not Charity, but cunning Self-Interest ; and so you are not fit for publick Good.

As for you. Sir Owl, your hooting Noise is troublesome to your Fellow-Subjects ; and tho' your Countenance looks somewhat grave, yet Wisdom is not always a Companion to Gravity, which more is set on wordly Interest than publick Good ; for when you should be relieving my oppressed Subjects, or defending them, administering Justice, or the like, they must go seek you out in Barns ; where, for your own Advantage, you are catching Mice, and run the Hazard, in such private Places were no other Eyes see, to detect the Crime, of becoming your Prey themselves ; besides, the Owl is held by all to be dim Sighted, apt to see double, and therefore cannot make an impartial Justice ; for which Reasons I reject you.

As for you, Mrs. *Philomel* the Nightingale, you are rather fit for our Mistress than our Viceroy, rather to sing us to Bed, than sway our Scepter in our Absence, for your endless Song during the Season will admit, it seems no Leisure for other Affairs Day nor night ; and in the Winter, or before, if any come to demand Justice, you are not to be found ; Nor could you defend yourself it seems from being ravished when a Woman. how much more, now changed into a fee-

ble Bird, can you protect others from Rapes, or Violence? So being mostly a Non-resident, I cannot approve your Request.

As for the Cuckoo, he speaking only *Welch*, as you hear, and not capable of any other Language, nor to make any Speech intelligible to the rest, except his own Country Birds, also being an Enemy in destroying the Airy Progeny by his insatiable Thirst of sucking Eggs, and then flattering to mock Citizens, and offend their Wives, in making their Husbands fancy he has more Tales, to tell of their Lightness, than he is able to utter; and moreover, because he is but a Mouth-Bird, or little more, and ever in one Story of *Cuckoo, Cuckoo*, for that time discovering the Disgrace of others, and yet hiding his own scabby Nakedness by creeping into a hollow Tree, and lazily sleeping there the greater Part of the Year, none can conclude him fit for this great Employ, and so I here set him aside.

As for the Crow, I have considered what he has said, all the Stress he lays upon his Merit, is, that he is Weather-wise, as every foolish Stargazer pretends, though he knows no more than a rusty Weather-cock which has stood at one Point of the Compass for seven Years, and deceived the Ignorant, to make them conceit the Wind always blows one Way, because, perhaps it being a Steeple-weather-cock, they look upon it as infallible, tho' Reason should tell them the contrary; all the rest he boasts of the gorging of his Guts on Carrion, which makes his Breath unsavory; and being adapted to such Food, he will not stick to do Injustice for a Piece of Horse-flesh; nay, he brags that he pulls out the Eyes of Justice for his own Advantage, and have no other regard but Profit.

As for the Magpye's proposing to sing and rhyme,

rhime, she mistakes, for it is nothing but meer Gibberish, Noise, and Chatter, as many who account themselves excellent at Sonnet, calling it Poetty, when indeed it was neither Rhime nor Reason; what tho' he brags from a Faction of Poets, he was changed by *Circe's* Charms from a Man to a Pye, this alludes only to a talking chattering Fellow without Sense or Reason; and so this Pye is not fit for any great Trust, because high Chatteting would betray it, tho' some Nick-named so, are found wiser.

As for the Goose, though many such think themselves wise in this Age, that never saved the Captital from the climbing *Gauls* by their accidental Cackling, yet I cannot see any such thing in this Goose, as may recommend her to what she desires; for as the old Proverb says, *A Goose will be a Goose still*, and never changes for the wiser; as for her Quills, tho' sometimes they do Good, yet we know with the Slip of a Pen, or People being too busy with it, many have been ruined; and therefore that but little commands her to Advancement.

As for the Cock, he is always quarrellsome and leacherous, a Dunghill-scratcher, and a Disturber of Mens Rests, not used to Woods, and therefore not fit for Sway, who knows not to how distinguish Things as they ought to be valued, which appears by his preferring a Grain of Barley, before a rich Jewel, and therefore it is only throwing a Pearl before Swine, to exalt him to this Dignity, and to hinder old Wives of the Profit of their Eggs, by taking him from their cackling Hens.

As for the Jackdaw, his Noise and Prattle was troublesome, and a Disturance to a well governed Commonwealth, given only to Cant and Prate by Rote, having acknowledged himself a
Thief

Thief, he was not allowed any other Preferment, than to hover about Churches, to be a diligent Observer of Sextons and Grave-Diggers, lest they should pillage the Dead, for their Coffins or Shrouds.

M O R A L.

The Prudence of the Eagle here appears, in rejecting Flatterers, and Praisers of themselves, who would in many times alledge their Crimes for Merits, and trouble and molest, rather than wisely order Affairs to the Advantage of such as they desire to be set over.

C H A P. V.

Of the Hawk's Promotion, and the Mischief he and the Rook did, with their Punishment; also the Reason why Crafty Fellows are called Rooks.

THE Hawk having all this while heard the rest dejected, consulted the Rook, who advised him to speak, when, advancing briskly, he said, Most Royal Sir, I, the Hawk, am one of your Lineage, and have often tasted of your Grace and Bounty, and therefore am most highly obliged to serve you faithfully, so that it may blot out my former Failings, wherein I have offended you in keeping Things in such Security till your Return, in the Commonwealth of Birds, as may be pleasing to you.

The Eagle hearing this, and desirous to perform his airy Voyage, to scent the fragrant Spices of Arabia the Happy, and bring thence the Sounding Stone to lay in his Nest, to prevent Sicknels, or any Misfortune that might befall him, and the powerful Persuasion of the crafty Rook, consented

to invest the *Hawk* as his Vice-Roy in his Absence, with a strict Charge to use Mercy with Justice. Whereupon the Assembly broke up; and so after some Time, he left his shady Palace, and winged the pathless Air to the purposed Place.

No sooner was the *Eagle* departed, but the *Hawk* and *Rook* held a close Consult, how they might enrich and gorge themselves on the Spoil and Carcasses of those they were to protect; for the *Rook* was left as Counsellor to the *Hawk*, being of known Cunning, and over-reaching Policy, as many of his wingless Brethren are, of the same coloured Garb.

In Order to this, a Feast was proclaimed, to the Joy of the *Eagle's* Success, and happy Return, to which Numbers of Birds resorted of all Kinds; the *Rook* not failing to have many of his Kindred there, to serve as Cooks, Butlers, Purveyors, and Entertainers of the Guests; and at first great was the Cherripping and Singing, with extraordinary Merriment, and the *Eagle's* Health went so often round in the Juice of choice Fruits and Berries in Acorn-Cups, and they were so ply'd with it by the *Rook* and his Attendants, that they scarce knew where they were; which was no sooner brought to pass, but the *Rook* brought in a long Bill of Fare, which all their present Wealth could not satisfy; whereupon he ordered his *Rooks* to strip them of what they had about them, for what they expected they should have received *Gratis*; which made them look very melancholy, dashing all their former Mirth.

This was no sooner done, but the *Hawk* pretending an urgent Necessity, demanded a Supply of them out of their Hoards, and Winter-Stores abroad, and imprisoned such as pleaded Poverty; or Negligence in gathering it, whose Bones he picked

154 *The HISTORY of, &c.*

picked up at Leisure. Now such as could not presently send for Security, to engage for the Performance of what was demanded, to be made over to the *Rook*, were turned out naked, by which Means they became a Prey for want of their Wings, to Voracious Creatures; or having parted with All, were starved in the ensuing cold Winter. And from this Stratagem of the *Rook*, such Men as draw in the Ignorant to their Ruin, are since called *ROOKS*.

The *Eagle* by this Time having visited the Places he designed, returned, and finding the Dissolution, and Distress of many of his Subjects, and the Cause of it, committed the *Hawk* for his ill Management, to the Custody of a Faulconer to Mew him up, and keep him in Prison, and carrying him, when Airing, blinded with a Hood, unless for the Charge of his Keeping, he was sometimes let to Flight. The *Rook*, who timely escap'd, hearing this, and that he was prescrib'd, left the Woods, and ever since, built his Nest in Elm-Trees, mostly among Old Misers, and Crafty Rookers, they being so shelter'd, by their Cawing, they might mind them of this Trick, that so they may *Rook* the Poor and Ignorant out of their Substance, or draw them into Securities and Moragages.

M O R A L.

We see by this, Wise Men may be deceived in them they trust, and that Strength and Policy has Power to over reach the Weak; also the Justice of the Eagle in punishing Offenders..

10 JU 52

F I N I S.



BOOKS Printed for *A. Betteſworth*,
and *C. Hitch*, at the *Red-Lyon* in *Pater-noster-Row* ;
R. Ware, at the *Sun and Bible* in *Amen-Corner*,
and *James Hodges*, at the *Looking-Glaſs* on *London-*
Bridge.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

A Compleat MELODY :

O R, T H E

Harmony of *S I O N*. In Three Parts.

C O N T A I N I N G,

A New, and Compleat Introduction to all the True Grounds of Muſick, both Vocal and Inſtrumental, by Way of Dialogue, in a New and Eaſy Method. With an Explanation of all the uſual Terms uſed in Muſick. Collected from the *Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c.* in Ten Chapters.

The *Pſalms of David* New Tun'd : Which Muſick expreſſes the True Senſe and Sound of the Words, more than any ever yet published. With an Alphabetical Table of all the Tunes, and what *Pſalms* are proper to each Tune. Alſo a Table of *Pſalms* ſuited to the Feaſts
and

BOOKS lately Publish'd.

and Fasts of the Church of *England*, and other Varieties of Life. With Fourteen *Gloria Patri's*, suited to the True Measure of every Psalm in the Book. 

III. A New, and Select Number of Divine Hymns, and Easy Anthems, on several Occasions; with several Canons of Two, Three, and Four Parts in One.

The Whole is Compos'd in Two, Three, and Four Musical Parts, according to the most Authentick Rules for Voice or Organ.

By *WILLIAM TAN'SUR*, of *Ewell*, (near *Epsom*,) in the County of *Surry*.

*Thro' all the Changing Scenes of Life, in Trouble and in Joy ;
The Praises of my God, shall fill my Heart and Tongue
employ.* Psalm xxxiv. 1.

NEW REMARKS of *London*: Or, A Survey of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, of *Southwark*, and Part of *Middlesex* and *Surrey*, within the Circumference of the Bills of Mortality. Containing all the Streets, Lanes, Allies, &c. Price Bound 2 s. and 6 d.

10 JU 52

Sir Samuel Moreland's VADE MECUM: Or, the Necessary Pocket Companion. Price Bound, 2 s.

er
s,
in

ne
i-
ad

nd
ft

ar

nd

ue

A
of
h-
y
re

I:
ice

